

THE REISSUE OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The War—The Beginning of the End.

The results which have attended the opening of the grand campaign in Virginia indicate that our anticipations of last week are in rapid course of fulfilment. East and West, in Virginia and in Georgia, the armies and the combinations of Gen. Grant are moving with irresistible force upon the last remaining armies and strongholds of the rebellion.

The defeat of Lee and the capture of Richmond, or the overthrow of Joe Johnson and the capture of Atlanta, will be fatal to Jeff Davis and his Confederacy. In striking at Richmond we strike at the head of the rebellion, and in striking into Atlanta we reach the heart of it. The moral effect of the loss of Richmond among the armies and the people of

the rebellious States must inevitably, we think, precipitate the final demoralization of their Confederate Utopia and bring it to a speedy dissolution. Their inflated financial bubble collapses at once, and with the military barriers of the James river broken down, the whole intervening country to Georgia is laid open to our victorious army of the Potomac. There will be no place of refuge for Davis and his Cabinet and Congress, where they can feel secure to the end of the summer, and no protecting line of defences which cannot easily be turned. In a word, ejected from Richmond and Virginia, Davis, his governmental establishment, his armies and his exhausted people, are all thrown into confusion and are all adrift. Thus the overthrow of Lee's army and the fall

of Richmond will, even though Gen. Sherman were standing still meantime, be speedily fatal to the rebel cause.

On the other hand, if Gen. Grant's armies in Virginia were to do nothing more than to hold at bay the rebel forces enclosed within his converging lines, while Gen. Sherman's columns in the West are moving upon Atlanta, the rebel capital itself, and the States of Virginia and North Carolina, would in a very short time become untenable to the enemy, in being cut off from his supplies of subsistence, which are now mainly furnished from the last year's Indian corn crops of Georgia and Alabama and from the cattle of Florida. What possible contingency, then, can prevent the general dissolution of the so-called Southern Con-

federacy, when the Union armies, moving upon both Richmond and Atlanta; are too powerful to be successfully resisted or evaded?

We are writing in advance of any reported positive Union victory in Virginia, beyond the occupation of last week's battlefield of the Wilderness and the capture of Petersburg. We accept these great initial advantages, however, as clearly determining the final issue of the campaign. We believe that Lee has so far exhausted his strength in his desperate efforts to break the lines of Gen. Meade, that his only alternative is a hasty retreat to Richmond; and that should he reach the city without further interruption, his next step must be to abandon it, in order to recover his vital communications with the South. The campaign



above and below Richmond opens auspiciously; all the advantages of the situation are with us, while the disadvantages entailed upon the enemy by three years of exhausted war are tenfold greater than in any previous campaign. The same contrast will apply with equal force to the campaign in Georgia. Richmond and Atlanta will surely be gained, and with the dispersion of the rebel armies defending these two vital points, the war will be substantially at an end. We believe that the dying struggles of the rebellion cannot be protracted beyond the month of July, and we are not without the hope that they will cease, or be reduced to a petty and short-lived guerilla warfare, before the close of this brightly opening month of May.

Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Diminutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Hog, Skating Pond, Wax Figures, etc., etc., Aquaria. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

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The gift of a copy of this Album to newspapers advertising it is withdrawn for the present, in consequence of the great demand for this unique and popular collection of Photographs. Costs only \$3. Sent free by mail, on receipt of price.

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C. OSCANYAN, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 18th pages.

NOTICE.

THE Office of this Paper is removed to No. 537 Pearl Street, a few doors from Broadway.

To Correspondents.

Stories of a high character, poems, and sketches for comic illustration are received. They will be read promptly, and returned if not accepted. Care should be taken to write legibly, and give the address especially with all distinctness.

Our New Type.

We need scarcely call the attention of our readers to our new and trim dress. The paper this week is printed entirely from new type, and cannot fail to please by its general beauty and interest, independent of its surpassing pictorial illustrations.

It is but another proof that the proprietor will spare no expense to retain the position which his Illustrated Paper has so long and justly held.

Frank Leslie's Artists in the War.

THE Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society, in a recent Report, employ expressions which are, so far as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and "History of the War" are concerned, grossly unjust. "It is true," say the gentlemen of the Historical Society, "that the illustrated newspapers are full of sketches purporting to be pictures of important scenes, but the testimony of parties engaged shows that these representations, when they are not taken from photographs, are not always reliable."

Whatever poverty or a want of enterprise may have induced other papers to do, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has always had its numerous Artists in the field. A selection of 200 of their sketches, made often amid the rattling shot and shell of the battlefield, were sent to the recent Metropolitan Fair, and if the New York Historical Society failed to secure them it committed an oversight. Private collectors readily purchased them, happy to be able to add to their albums such relics of the war. These sketches were made by Artists well known in the army, and though not sent to us or contributed by us to the Fair as finished works of art, are often of great merit even in this point of view. Their accuracy has been spontaneously attested by Generals in the highest command, as our readers are aware. Nor have our Artists performed their duties and won this approval without risk. Those who fought at Roanoke island recollect the Artist sketching in the forefront of the battle; the soldiers who fought at Chicamauga and Chattanooga remember the Artist who, with a

party, was captured, and escaped by sending their captors down the rocky heights; the papers of a week back tell how another, at Pleasant hill, lost all his sketches of the line of march and incidents of campaign.

The sketches contributed to the Fair are but a few amid a host. If the Executive Committee of the Historical Society did not see those when open to all, we shall be happy to show the remainder to them, to convince them of their injustice to us at least. We may also bring to their notice "Frank Leslie's History of the War," every sketch of which was not only real but accurate and well studied. The Report closes with a blank form of request, but it inserts the word dollars. We shall bear it in mind, however, and if other counsels do not prevail, or some more upright Historical Society tempt us, make use of the clause one of these days and bequeath some of our remaining sketches to the venerable Society.

But be that as it may, and laying all joking aside, we assure our readers that our past enterprise has not exhausted or discouraged us. Other great army movements are at hand, and we have not been idle. Our Artists are with every important army; and not a movement of consequence in this, we trust, decisive campaign of the war shall take place without our receiving from our corps of Artists full, accurate and vigorous sketches, which we shall, as far as our limits allow, present to our readers, engraved in our best style. Our only difficulty will be to make the best selection; the sketches will be too numerous and valuable to give us even a temptation to invent.

In the campaign of 1864, as in those of the three preceding years, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will contain the most prompt, truthful, graphic illustrations of the war, from the valley of Virginia, from the Peninsula, from Tennessee, from Charleston, from North Carolina, the Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

THE fourth annual advance of the Army of the Potomac has been made. Three times has it recoiled in disaster from the rebel army; three times have the hopes of the country been blasted.

The grand Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan on Wednesday, May 4th. The 2d corps moved on Tuesday to the Mills, opposite Ely's ford. On Wednesday morning, at 4 o'clock, the cavalry crossed and drove the Rebel pickets from opposite heights, meeting with no opposition.

A position was gained, and the corps moved on at 7 o'clock, taking the road to Chancellorsville, at which place Gen. Hancock would establish his headquarters.

The 5th and 6th corps crossed at Germania ford in the course of the day, taking the road to the Wilderness.

On Wednesday night Gen. Warren's headquarters were at the Wilderness, Gen. Sedgwick on his right, and the general headquarters at Germania ford.

On Thursday morning the rebels pressed our pickets, and appeared to be in strong force on our right. The 5th New York cavalry, skirmishing on the Orange Court House road, near Perkins's tavern, were driven in with a severe loss, leaving many wounded on the field. Gen. Griffith's division was marched forward on our right about 11 o'clock to feel the enemy's position, and were met by the rebel Gen. A. P. Hill, supported by Gen. Ewell.

A severe action took place, in which we captured about 300 prisoners, though it is reported that we lost two guns. Meantime, Gen. Hancock marched his corps to the right to connect with Warren, and had hardly got into position, his left resting on or near Chancellorsville, when he was attacked by Longstreet with his full corps, and a part of Ewell's.

Gen. Hancock, with the assistance of Getty's division of the 6th corps, held his position under musketed fire of two-and-a-half-hours duration, in which his command suffered severely, inflicting much injury upon the rebels.

Other developments showed Lee to have his whole force in our front.

It not being the purpose of Gen. Meade to advance upon the enemy, he ordered the line of battle to be held till morning.

The position of our troops on Thursday night was parallel with and a little in advance of the road from Germania ford to Chancellorsville, the two flanks resting on those points, and general headquarters at the Wilderness.

Meanwhile, in the afternoon the advance of the 9th corps crossed Germania ford, taking position on our right flank.

General Burnside drove the rebels through Thoroughfare gap, and came up in Meade's rear by forced marches from Warrenton Junction.

On Friday morning the battle opened with our line nearly parallel to the road between Germania ford and Chancellorsville. The battle continued all day, with but little intermission. The enemy failed in every attempt to break off ranks, and at night were driven behind their lines of intrenchment. Our losses during the two days engagements are estimated at not less than 6,000 killed and wounded, and may probably reach 8,000. The wounded were sent to the rear as promptly as possible, and dispatched to Rappahannock station.

The enemy did not renew the attack on Saturday morning, and at noon were reported in full retreat, with our army pursuing. We have lost General Hays, of Pittsburg, General A. J. Webb, of New York, and General Wadsworth, killed; Generals Hancock, Getty, Gregg, Owens, Bartlett and Carroll, wounded.

Contemporaneous with the advance of the Army of the Potomac the operations began on the Peninsula. Gen. Butler ran up to West Point and White House, and by landing troops and commencing operations drove the rebels to that point, merely to re-embark, steam back and up James

river. Here the troops under Gen. Smith and Gen. Gillmore landed at City Point, and destroyed the southside railroad between Petersburg and Richmond.

A sharp battle came off here, in which the rebels lost Generals Jones and Jenkins killed, and General Pickett wounded.

The rebels succeeded, however, in blowing up by a torpedo the gunboat Commodore Jones near Turkey Bend.

On the 5th instant the 1st and 2d regiments of colored cavalry, under Col. West, made a dash across the Chickahominy river, and two companies dismounted and charged into the camp of the 46th Va. cavalry, killing 30 men and capturing 35 horses. The horses were immediately mounted by our troops, who pursued the rebels to within ten miles of Richmond.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A party of 70 mounted men, under McNeil, made a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Piedmont, 28 miles west of Charlestown, and captured three trains, doing great damage.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Little Washington, being no longer deemed tenable after the loss of Plymouth, was evacuated by our troops and set on fire by some of the stragglers. The loss, which is very severe, falls on the Union inhabitants, who can of course expect no sympathy or even mercy from the rebels.

General Palmer has succeeded General Peck in this State.

The rebel General Hoke has been made a Major-General, and with Beauregard is preparing to attack Newberne.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Gillmore has been relieved of the command of the Department of the South, and succeeded by Brigadier-General John P. Hatch. The latter is relieved in Florida by Brigadier-General Wm. Birney of the colored troops. In the northern district General Schimmelpenninck succeeds General Terry. The disastrous system of change is consequently in full force.

GEORGIA.

General Sherman is pressing closer upon Dalton, and Tunnel Hill is already in the hands of Thomas. There are reports that Johnston has evacuated Dalton.

KENTUCKY.

Brigadier-General Prince has succeeded General Brayman in command of the district of Cairo.

The rebels again threaten Paducah, and the unfortunate inhabitants are chiefly encamped beyond the river.

MISSISSIPPI.

The gunboat Petrol was attacked by Wirt Adams's cavalry on April 23d, two miles above Yazoo city. Adams had about 200 men and two pieces of artillery. He sent a ball through the boiler after a brisk fight, and many of her brave defenders were killed. A few escaped, others fell into the hands of the enemy, who hung Col. Wooster, the commander of one of the negro regiments.

LOUISIANA.

General Banks had fallen back to Alexandria, after having a sharp engagement with the enemy at the crossing of Cane river.

Admiral Porter got all his gunboats down except the Eastport, which he endeavored to save by taking off her armament. This failing, he blew her up. Two transports were also destroyed, to prevent their capture by the rebels. In all, 13 transports and gunboats, it is stated, were blown up, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Kirby Smith, in his official report of the Red river battles, claims to have taken from Gen. Banks 4,000 prisoners, 2,500 wounded, 8,000 stand of arms, 2,000 and odd mules, 250 wagons, 900 barrels of flour and 35 pieces of cannon.

ARKANSAS.

A skirmish took place recently between our cavalry and guerillas near Duvall's bluff. The enemy were routed and a number of prisoners taken.

It is reported from Memphis that Gen. Steele's army has returned to Little Rock. He was followed by Price's army and continually harassed. At Sabine fork the rebels were turned upon and repulsed after a severe battle, in which the loss was about equal on both sides.

NAVAL.

The Kearsage is ashore off the port of Ostend, having been run ashore by a pilot.

A blockade-runner, the schooner India, from Nassau, loaded with palm oil and cigars, and bound for Wilmington, was captured by the gunboat Vicksburg on the 30th April.

A FIOUS widow lady living in Lake county, Ill., has a wild son, a lad of some sixteen years, who lately enlisted in Farnsworth's new cavalry regiment. The lady, after the first gush of grief was over, consoled herself that in one branch of a soldier's duty her son was proficient, and would not have to learn, and that was, "he could swear like a trooper."

He who goes through a land and scatters blown roses may be tracked next day by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose-seed, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument and as a heritage for his daughters and sons.

THE celebrated David Crockett, on visiting a menagerie, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow-members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks; so, to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologize to, you or the monkey."

Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 2d May, after multifarious business, the joint resolution of the House, appropriating \$25,000,000 for the payment of the 100 days' volunteers, recently called for by the Western Governors, was agreed to by 23 to 13.

In the House, the resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the amount of debts incurred by the several States to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and declaring that such indebtedness should be assumed by the National Government, was referred to the Military Committee. A resolution offered in December last by Mr. Harding, of Kentucky, declaring that, whenever any rebellious State shall be subdued or voluntarily submit to the National authorities, it shall be restored to all its original rights under the Constitution of the United States and its own constitution, including the right to regulate its domestic institutions, was taken up, discussed and laid on the table by 67 yeas to 56 nays. The Secretary of the Navy was called on, by resolution, for information relative to the building by the rebels in North Carolina of the ironclad ram Albemarle, and as to why it was not prevented. A Message from the President, giving the information called for relative to the assignment of Mr. Frank Blair, jun., to the command of the 17th Army Corps, was received, and referred to the Committee on Elections.

In the Senate, on the 3d, the proceedings were of little public interest.

In the House, a bill was introduced to increase the pay of the army; the particulars we give in our Epitome, under the head "Military." The Senate's amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill were reported by the Ways and Means Committee. Those appropriating \$7,200,000 for the completion of 16 screw sloops, \$4,000,000 for the purchase and repair of vessels for Western waters, and \$3,000,000 for the purchase and charter of vessels for blockading purposes were concurred in. The Senate's amendment, striking out the appropriation for the purchase of land adjoining the Charlestown Navy Yard was also concurred in, as well as the proposition to remove the Naval Academy from Newport, Rhode Island, to Annapolis, Maryland. The House then concurred in the Senate's amendment providing that no money appropriated for the Naval Academy shall be applied in the support of any midshipman who shall not hereafter be appointed in strict conformity with law. The bill was then laid aside, and the debate on the bill providing for the establishment of republican governments in the revolted States was resumed, and continued till the adjournment.

In the Senate, on the 4th, the resolutions of Mr. Sherman came up as the special order, that a quorum of the Senate consists of the majority of the Senators duly chosen; that, if a majority of the Presidential electors, duly appointed and qualified, vote for one person, he is President; that if the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives, and the votes of a majority of the States represented in the House be cast for one person, he is the President. Adopted, 26 to 11.

In the House, the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican government to rebellious States was resumed. After a long discussion, the bill was passed—Yeas, 73; nays, 69. The bill provides for the appointment of Provisional Governors, and as soon as the military resistance shall be suppressed that measures shall be taken for calling a convention for the formation of a State Constitution. Certain classes of persons who voluntarily bore arms or held office under the Confederate usurpation are excluded from voting or being elected as delegates. The conditions on which such States shall be admitted include a provision that involuntary servitude shall be prohibited and freedom for ever guaranteed, and that no debts created under the sanction of the usurping power shall be recognized or paid by the newly created States. After some partisan speeches, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 5th, the Committee reported a bill to prevent smuggling. It provides that after the 1st of August next all baggage, and effects of passengers, and all other articles coming into the United States from any foreign country shall be inspected, and if any dutiable articles shall be found, the trunk, valise, or other envelope shall be confiscated. The same provision applies to car or vessel, and also provides they may be released by the Secretary of the Navy upon payment of fine. The House bill establishing a line of mail steamers between the United States and Brazil was discussed, several amendments of the Senate Committee on Post Offices adopted, and the subject was then laid aside. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the facts regarding the horrible butchery of our troops by the rebels at Fort Pillow was presented, and 25,000 copies ordered to be printed. The House National Bank bill was then taken up. Mr. Sherman offered an amendment to the amendment of the clause affecting the Bank of Commerce, New York city. It allows the Comptroller to close the affairs of the bank if at any time the capital shall be less than \$5,000,000, with a surplus of 20 per cent. This was adopted. Mr. Sumner moved a substitute for the Finance Committee's amendment. It provides that every association shall pay to the United States a duty of one per cent. upon its circulation, one-half of one per cent. on its deposits, and one-half of one per cent. on its capital stock above the amount invested in United States bonds each half year after January, 1864. After some debate, without coming to a vote on the proposition, the Senate adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 6th, after some routine business, Mr. Sumner's proposition to increase the tax on banks, and urging that such institutions be subjected to national taxation exclusively, was rejected by 24 to 11. An amendment was adopted that every association may charge the rate of interest allowed by the laws of the State or Territory where the bank is located, and no more, except that where by the laws of any State a different rate is limited for banks of issue organized under State laws, the rates so limited shall be allowed for associations organized in any such States under this act. Another amendment, limiting the places for the redemption of the circulation of the banks to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, at a rate of discount not exceeding one-quarter of one per cent., was also adopted. Other amendments were offered, but without action on them the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the session was mainly devoted to the consideration of the Missouri contested election cases. The Committee on Elections reported two resolutions, which lie over for the present—one declaring that F. P. Blair is not, and the other that Mr. Knox, the contestant, is entitled to a seat in the House as the Representative of the First Congressional District of Missouri. The resolution of the committee, declaring that neither Mr. Loan, the sitting member, nor Mr. Bruce, the contestant, is entitled to a seat as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri, was called up, and led to an interesting discussion on the subject of military interference in elections. A report from the Printing Committee in favor of printing 40,000 copies of the report on the Fort Pillow massacre was agreed to. The House then adjourned till Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI left London on April 22d, for the seat of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, and was to embark for Capri on April 26th. On April 21st he was entertained by 200 members of the Reform Club. On April 22d he breakfasted with a party of American citizens at the residence of the United States Consul, and in emphatic terms expressed his regard for the United States, and his readiness to offer his services to President Lincoln against the Slave Power. Much dissatisfaction continued to be expressed at his sudden departure, and political motives were generally imputed to Garibaldi's advisers. In the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone had admitted that he had advised the

General to leave, because the tour through England might affect his health, and because "the magnificent national reception which had been given to him in London might lose some of its real dignity from being frequently repeated elsewhere."

The Prince of Wales travelled from Sandringham to London, on April 23d, for the purpose of paying a visit to Garibaldi. The Prince met the General at Stafford House, and remained with him, it is said, for upwards of an hour.

The King of Prussia has gone to the seat of war. The municipal authorities of Kiel have sent a deputation to meet him, and the same persons have requested all Holstein communes to join them.

According to a Hamburg dispatch, the object of the King of Prussia's visit to Schleswig is to sound the population, and "to pave the way for a vote in accordance with the views of the Prussian Government." M. Von Bismarck has gone to join the King, and it is even stated that the Emperor of Austria will repair to the seat of war.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Broadway.

PARIS in France, said Napoleon, and Broadway in New York, and New York is the United States, say we. On this great thoroughfare can be seen, at certain hours of the day, the representatives of all the world. Upon its pavement move the most beautiful women, and the most distinguished men, and through its mazes drive equipages that make the eyes of Parisians water with delight. Travelled men have pronounced Broadway the most brilliant street in the world, and we doubt not with justice. All principal promenades in principal cities of this country fade into utter insignificance before it, and the humblest denizen of the fields and forests of our land, even though a thousand miles removed, has heard of its fame, and dwells upon it as a child would upon some marvellous fairy tale, having all the reality of truth.

With this fact before us, it seems strange that our citizens and corporate authorities do not properly realize the pride of the great street, and try to preserve and beautify it. In any city of Europe this would be a national care, in this it is left to accident, or retarded by carelessness. In proportion to its amount of travel, Broadway has less care and more obstructions than any street of the town. Business is allowed to needlessly obstruct its pavements, and fancy policemen, of the Broadway squad, stand blindly by, while a jagged nail or an iron hoop, protruding from a box that has occupied perhaps 25 square feet of the sidewalk for half a day, tears a lady's velvet cloak, or commits some other damage that cannot be repaired, to say nothing of the discomfort it occasions.

We have seen a barrel of ashes emptied in the Corporation cart at the fashionable promenade hour, covering 200 people with dust, and doing more damage to clothes than would pay for the horse and cart, to say nothing of the Celtic driver, and no interference from the guardians of the law. We have seen an ancient Tenton, with hook and bag, allowed to scratch unobscured in an ashbox until he had covered every passer-by with the filth; and a man with a dirty or dangerous burden turn off the whole line of the pedestrians, through fear of coming in contact with him, without even a word of remonstrance from the police and well-dressed Broadway squadmen, who only thought of saving his immaculate self and handing some particularly good-looking female across the street.

When will we have something approaching to system in the case of our streets, or when will our people think it may be worth their while to copy after the European cities, which have studied the matter longer than we have?

Dirty Officers.

While upon the subject of Broadway, it occurs to us how much that street and all others are disgraced by the presence of men wearing the uniform of the United States, and supposed to be officers in the service, who do not know enough to keep themselves clean. We have seen men who unblushingly wear their shoulder-straps, and the number of their regiment displayed upon their cap-front, who are gullible of soap and water anywhere within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, to say nothing of a change of linen, that being an excusable matter when a soldier is not expected to possess a shirt. No man can be a good officer and be dirty and careless in his person; one of the first things he is called upon to teach the men he has to command being cleanliness, without which they cannot preserve health or military discipline.

Philanthropic Advertisements.

If there is anything the world has cause to congratulate itself on, it is the universal philanthropy that crops out everywhere, especially through the columns of the daily press. Honest and trusting countrymen must be delighted when they read of the many good young men who are about to vacate situations they have held for years, and bestow them on any moral and honest youth who will merit the sum of one dollar—merely to pay for the advertising—"which dollar will be certainly returned if the situation is not conferred," to Mr. Jeremiah Diddler, box 150, Herald office. Others have a valuable business, yielding \$30,000 per annum, to which they will admit, as partner, "a young man of moral character—one from the country preferred"—having the sum of \$200 to deposit as security." Then there are wonderful inventions, worth millions, which, for the ridiculously small amount of a hundred or two, they are willing to give to enterprising youths; while again others will impart information to secure the fortune of a possessor, for 25 cents and a postage stamp, directed to J. G., New York Post Office.

Who would suffer from anything when it can be had through the medium of an advertisement?

The Sensation of the Week.

The positive sensation of the week, in the show way, has been the Davenport Brothers, at Cooper Institute. They have been crowding the immense lecture-room nightly with excited audiences, and we will venture to say that nothing that has been performed publicly in New York within recollection has excited more conversation and variety of opinion than their "manifestations." A description of an evening's performance can only give some idea of the matter.

On the stage, fronting the audience, is a large, black walnut box, having all the appearance of an ordinary domestic wardrobe. The agent having addressed the audience, on calling their attention to the fact that it is raised on trestles two feet from the floor, and set in place tumblers to prevent any electricity being used, and entirely disconnected with any part of the building, asks for a committee appointed from the audience to watch and report on what transpires in and about the box.

"Any one you please, ladies and gentlemen, will be acceptable to us."

The name of G. W. B. Tompkins is proposed by somebody, and received with shouts of disapprobation. Tompkins is voted out. Next came the name of George Francis Train, which was damned with faint praise, and Mr. T. was prevented from looking into the mystery. Then the name of Mr. Fred Hudson, of the *Telegraph*, was proposed, and the house voted Mr. Hudson in unanimously, but Mr. H. silently and respectfully declined, possibly looking on it as an unpaid advertisement. The name next proposed was that of Mr. C. W.

Fenno, an old and well-known actor, who, being voted in, took his place on the stage. Then came the name of the Count Joannes, who was also accepted by the audience, and stepping blithely on the stage, embraced Mr. Fenno, an embrace he explained to the audience by saying that Mr. Fenno had been his schoolmate in Boston, somewhat less than a century ago.

These gentlemen having examined the box critically, knocking its floor, back and sides, climbing to its top and looking beneath it, pronounced to the audience the judgment that it was all right, and what it purported to be—a simple box.

Then appeared the two Davenports, pale, quiet-looking men, somewhere about 25, and, without a word to the audience, entered the box. Cords were put into the hands of the committee, and the young men were bound in the box, fast to the seats, which were immovable, and with all the skill and double knots the committee were capable of making. Into this box were then put a violin, guitar, tambourine, trumpet and a bell, the gas turned down and the door closed. Instantly on its closing the sliding bolt was shot on the inside, and several violent knocks were heard, the instruments began to play and a general hubbub took place, in the midst of which the doors are thrown open, and a full glare of light let on, showing the Davenports to be still tightly tied as before. The door is closed again, and again the music plays, while the trumpet and bell are violently ejected through a hole about 12 inches square in the front of the box, and a hand and arm is seen waving out of the same place. The door is again thrown open, and, as before, the occupants are seen tightly bound, unable to move hand or foot. The doors are again closed, and in five minutes thrown open and the brothers step out unbound.

Once more they enter the box, the cords are thrown in, and in half the time it took them to be tied by Mr. F.—and the Count they are found better and more securely bound, with the ends of the cords entirely out of reach of their hands. Each of the committee then enters singly into the box, the music and knocking is faintly heard for five minutes, and the occupant comes forth to report that he feels human hands over his body and face, that the instruments seem to float about the box, and finally settle upon his lap, where they are found. Then a light and sealing-wax is brought, and the knots of the tying are sealed, the door is closed and the music again plays, the spectre hands wave from the aperture, the knocks come with violence, the trumpet and bell are ejected, the doors are thrown open, and the Davenports sit bound and sealed as before. The performances end by a last closing of the door, and in a few minutes they come forth free.

About Simmons.

Which reminds us that among those who so advertised was Simmons, who with prodigious puff and enormous placards opened the Broadway Theatre on Monday. Mr. Simmons is extensively demonstrated, painfully so, we may say. He does nothing but talk, the utter confusion of his audience and himself, and as Simmons has not a pleasant way of talking, it adds nothing to the pleasure of his performance. We cannot say that he does anything new, or, in truth, anything well; his principal feat, the blood-red writing on the arm and the *expose* of the Davenports, being both failures, the first from its transparency, the last being no *expose*, but simply an untying in the box, and not quickly done, without an explanation.

Heller also advertises an *expose* for the coming week, which we earnestly hope will be the real thing and case our troubled mind, especially as the Davenports, with an eccentricity for which we cannot account, have deserted New York and \$1,000 houses to go into the provinces and thereby shut off our inquiring mind.

The Theatres.

The week has been singularly devoid of event among the professionals. There has been absolutely nothing doing startling enough to chronicle. Booth, at the Winter Garden, has been cramming the house with Hamlet, Richelieu and Shylock. Wallack's, always full, with English comedy and a sprinkling of "Rosedale" as an antagonism. Mrs. John Wood's Olympic has been passing through an eruption of benefits, not over-crowded. Niblo's is doing up the Irish drama to a tolerable business. And Barnum, finishing up "Cudjoe's Cave" with last Saturday night, brings out a startling, strange, singular, spectacular spectacle, called "Belphégor" in which the dancing of Mlle. Ernestine, who created considerable sensation at the Academy a short time since, will be a feature.

On the east side, the town is having just one more turn with a new fery, untamed steed, and another Mazepa in the person of Miss Kate Vance, a nice-looking, well-shaped little woman, who does up the flying steed business with reckless prodigality of limb, and suits the Bowery boys to such a degree that it will be hard to tell when the run of the fery, untamed steed will end.

A NEW LUNATIC ASYLUM.

SHALL we call the saleroom of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co. a New Lunatic Asylum, or the New Sensation, or the New Place of Amusement? It is a marvel, or has been this week.

Antiquarians have known for years an old gentleman of the name of John Allan, a thorough Scot, a collector of books, coins, autographs, rarities, and fond of engravings, fond of illustrated books and of illustrating books. He lived away down in the Swamp, in a little street that half New York know nothing about, yclept Vandewater. He reached a very advanced age, and died not long since, having nearly seen a century.

His library and collection have been sold this week, and never in the annals of American book-selling was anything known to equal it. Prices perfectly fabulous were brought; the competition seemed to have no limit, as competitors seemed to have hidden aid to common sense.

The first edition of Burns's Poems, printed at Kilmarlock, was knocked down at \$106; Burns's Life, illustrated by Mr. Allan, brought \$160; Eliot's Indian Bible, a real rarity, one of the earliest books printed in America, and the earliest Bible reached the immense price of \$25; Dibdin's Bibliomania, very naturally brought a maniac price, some \$750; while of two copies of Knickerbocker's New York, which Mr. Allan had extended to a folio, and very elaborately illustrated, one with 275, the other with over 100 engravings, the one brought the astounding sum of \$1,200, the other the more moderate price of \$400.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The following circular relative to the late law increasing the duties has been addressed to all collecting officers:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 5, 1864.

In view of the numerous inquiries as to the time when the recent enactment increasing the duties on imports went into operation, the following instruction is published for the government of collecting officers:

The joint resolution of April 29, 1864, which increases the duty on the importation of certain goods, and it has been judicially decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that under the acts increasing duties from and after their passage, the increase provided for takes effect on the day of passage. The Secretary is constrained, therefore, to hold that the increase required by the joint resolution took effect on the 29th of April, and that, consequently, that all persons who have paid duties at former rates on that or any following day are liable to pay the additional 50 per cent. All Collectors and all Surveyors charged with the collection of Customs will be governed accordingly.

S. P. CHASE,

Secretary of the Treasury.

Counterfeiters of postage currency and treasury notes have just been caught in Indianapolis, and their work stopped.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that a married woman can sue alone to recover her separate property.

A Court-Martial has been ordered to try the publishers and correspondents of newspapers who have been guilty of promulgating news contraband of war.

Gen. Rosecrans has caused considerable excitement in St. Louis by issuing an order designed to compel the men who are on "strikes" to resume work.

The festival of the Ascension was observed by impressive ceremonies in Trinity Church on the 8th of May, and participated in by members of other Episcopal congregations. In the Catholic churches it was celebrated by high mass.

Tailors working on custom work are liable to pay the tax on the manufactured articles, according to a decision lately given in the United States District Court at New Haven. This decision is highly important, as the principle covers a number of other occupations, which have hitherto been regarded as exempt from taxation.

The high price of ice during the heated term of last year induced a great many consumers to lay in large stocks of the article last winter, and so much is now stored away that it is not believed that ice can reach a very high price during the coming season. The production for this market has nearly reached 500,000 tons, while the average sales in good seasons only amount to 250,000 tons. The large companies have their usual supply, and persons who sell to the trade, but who bought of these companies last year, now have full icehouses of their own, so that, by the competition, the "independent" dealers have controlled the price to its present low point of \$2 a ton. This, it is stated, does not more than pay expenses; but the ice-dealers have the choice of selling or letting it melt on their hands. The retail price is now from one-fourth to one-half a cent per pound, and probably the rates will not advance much during the summer beyond the latter figure.

Military.—Gen. Hurlbut, in his farewell address to the 16th Army Corps, states that that body has been scattered and reduced until there are not enough for offensive operations; that they have lost no honor; and that when strengthened they will have a reckoning with the enemy.

In the House of Representatives the Military Committee has reported a bill increasing the pay of private soldiers from \$13 to \$16 per month; corporals, to \$18; sergeants, to \$20; orderly-sergeants to \$24; sergeant-majors, to \$28; and paymaster's clerks to \$1,200 per annum. Some discussion ensued, and the bill was passed unanimously.

Brig.-Gen. Devens, who has been on a tour of inspection to the military department of New England, is ordered to report at Fortress Monroe, with the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Smith.

Three hundred and sixty-four Union soldiers have arrived at Fortress Monroe from Richmond almost in a starving condition. Among the officers is Col. Rose, who was the chief engineer of the tunnel by which so many of our officers escaped in February last, he having been recaptured.

The increase of pay of soldiers, passed by the House, May 2, will involve an additional expenditure of between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000 per annum. The increase is to take effect from the 1st of May.

A Nashville correspondent of the *Chicago Journal* estimates the number of Tennesseans who have taken the amnesty oath at 60,000, and predicts that by the 1st of July the number will reach 100,000.

On April 3, Cortinas, with his Staff, was present at a review of our forces in Brownsville, Texas, and, upon its conclusion, dined with Gen. McClelland.

The order directing the 4th regiment National Guard to garrison Fort Richmond for 30 days, has been revoked, and the 37th regiment assigned that duty.

Naval.—The plate Florida and the sloop-of-war St. Louis have been at Madeira together. The latter sailed 24 hours in advance of the Florida.

The sentence against Admiral Wilkes is that he be suspended for three years and be publicly reprimanded.

Personal.—It is reported that the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, a celebrated minister, is expected to be present at the 15th anniversary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, to be held in Philadelphia, the third week in May.

The Hon. Erasmus Corning has resigned his position as President of the New York Central Railroad. He is succeeded by Hon. Dean Richmond.

The son of Queen Pomare, heir presumptive of Tahiti, has gone to France, to study two curious things in combination, namely cathedral music and military matters—the high roads to civilization, according to Tahitians.

M. Masseras, the editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, has been appointed, by the Emperor of France, Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, in consideration of the "zeal and talent with which he has defended French interests in America, and the care which he has constantly taken to enlighten public opinion in regard to the character and policy of the Imperial Government."

Obituary.—The Scotia brings the news of the death at Alexandria, Egypt, on April 16, of W. S. Thayer, the American Consul-General to Egypt. Mr. Thayer was born in 1836, at Haverhill, Mass., and graduated at Harvard College in 1859. For a long time he was attached to the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*, but temporarily left his post on that paper to go with Col. Kennedy to Nicaragua. After returning from that expedition he resumed his connection with the paper named, and in 1861 was appointed to the office which he held at the time of his death, the duties of which he has discharged with marked fidelity and ability.

Finley Johnson, the well-known poet and sketch writer, died in Washington, after an illness of but two days. Mr. Johnson was from Baltimore, but was employed in the Quartermaster's Department.

Rev. Israel Washburne, a well-known Methodist minister, died in Middleboro, Mass., aged 67 years. He enlisted as a private in a Massachusetts regiment in 1862, and was afterwards commissioned as a chaplain of the 12th Massachusetts regiment.

Accidents and Offences.—A married woman is under arrest at London for placing her newborn child upon a bed of live coals on the kitchen hearth, where it was burned to a charred mass.

The memory of the famous Walton murder case was revived in the Surrogate's Court on the 3d of May. William B. Moore, the detective, presented a petition setting forth that Walton was murdered, and that his executors advertised a reward of \$1,000 for the conviction of the murderer; that such conviction was afterwards procured through the petitioner, as certified by the District Attorney, and the convict—Jeffers—is now awaiting execution; that the executors of Walton have not paid the reward, although there are abundant assets, and praying for an order for payment. The Surrogate held that this claim appeared to be neither a debt of the testator nor an expense of the administration of the estate, and denied the prayer of the petitioner.

A verdict of \$3,000 damages was rendered against a butcher named James Harrington, in the Supreme Court lately, for running over a girl named Anabella Patterson, in the month of December, 1862, while the latter was crossing Dey street, near Broadway. This ought to be a warning to butcher boys with fast horses not to make a trotting course of our public thoroughfares.

Foreign.—Victor Emanuel had an apoplectic fit recently, induced by excessive eating after hunting all day, a sport of which he is very fond. Were he to die, Italy would at once fly to sea, for his influence alone stifles the jealousy ever prevalent among Italian provinces and cities. There is a fearful debt piled up, since Victor Emanuel's rule comprised Lombardy, Naples, Sicily and the Roman States outside Rome's walls, making his financial position rather precarious among lenders.

The Government of Nicaragua has concluded a contract with Capt. Pim to build an inter-oceanic railroad.

"Ashore and Afloat" is the title of a melodrama now being performed at one of the London theatres. To advertise the play, the managers adopted the fol-

lowing appropriate dodge: They chartered a good-sized and full-rigged man-of-war, which, mounted on wheels, and bearing a manly crew of some half dozen bill distributors, makes sail through the streets and does attract attention.

The Irish papers continue to report an extensive emigration from Ireland to the United States. No fewer than 250 persons, for instance, have left Sligo, that number including 40 from Lord Palmerston's estates. His lordship, it is said, provided for the passage and outfit of these 40 persons.

The beerhouses in London, if placed side by side, would make a row 39 miles in length.

A curious kind of ovation was paid to Blondin at Valencia, namely, the burning of his caricature, together with other celebrities, in what is called a *feu de joie*. It was done on St. Joseph's day; but what Blondin had done to make him obnoxious to St. Joseph is not clear. After all, it may be a compliment, as these Hidalgoes have odd ways of expressing their admiration.

Ohit-Chat.—Mrs. Jane G. Swissheim, a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, says Mrs. Lincoln refused to sign a pledge not to purchase articles of foreign manufacture, and there is no doubt that in her lavish and expensive style of dress, she believes, from some cause, that she is thus maintaining the dignity of the nation in the eyes of the representatives of foreign countries.

A Paris letter says that a gentleman called lately on a well-known Legationist of the Faubourg, who is badly distinguished for his wealth and avarice, and asked for a subscription to the *quatre* for the Duke de Chambord. "My friend," replied the avarice, "I have no money, but I would give my blood for the Prince." "You mistake, Duke," was the reply, "the Prince does not want to make a black pudding."

At a London theatre lately, during a "ghost" scene, a spectral carpenter with shirt-sleeves and paper cap made his appearance before the astonished audience, and calmly drank a mug of ale, being the first spirit on record who ever did such a thing in public. The man didn't find out what was the matter until the laughter of the audience and the arrival of the proper substance of the shadow in the play made the matter clear.

A man was lately tried in France for murdering his wife and mother-in-law. "Remember, MM. les Jures," said the man, who defended himself, "that I am 50 years old, was married very early, and my wife's mother has never let us, and yet I have never done this before." MM. les Jures were not convinced by this guileless defence, and found the man guilty.

A man advertises in the *Petites Affiches*, France, thus: "A widower desires to meet with a young woman who has been reared in the school of adversity. He asks no other dowry than an expressive physiognomy and an imperturbable character. An entire ignorance of the piano preferred. No lady of literary tastes or English parentage need apply."

It is confidently anticipated abroad, that at no remote period photography will be advanced so far as to be able to give to the eye the various colors of the objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been produced on a silver plate, immersed in a solution of chlorine, but the effect is but transitory. Fixation is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "Some cities suffer from earthquakes, others from floods, others from plagues, others from an excess of beggars, but the scourge and chastisement of New York is its local government."

Mrs. Lincoln, during her recent visit to this city with her son "Tommy," is stated to have bought a splendid set of ear-rings and pins at one of the Broadway jewelry stores, amounting to \$3,000. Her visit is understood to have been entirely for the purpose of shopping, and consulting milliners, mantua-makers and other artists in the department of female decoration. The object of the expedition, it is stated, on good authority, was successfully accomplished.

A physician of Massachusetts asserts that an attack of scarlet fever may be prevented by wearing a tarred string about the neck.

THE POET TO THE WORLD.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

The world's cold malice—Mammon's bitter smile,
And Sleep's undreaming brother, stone-eyed
Death,

Wage ceaseless war upon the poet's breath,
And strive his holy mission to beguile
With fiendish mockery! Poets, heed them not,
But with Thy Father's holiest mission fraught,
Waste not one grain of God's immortal Thought
On such abortions—Nature's fondest blot!
Then to your radiant harps, for had death sealed
Milton's grand lips ere he had tuned his tongue,
And that Olympian lay of Eden sung,
How had upon his dying moments prest
The unborn music stifled in his breast,
And all that weight of glory unrevealed!

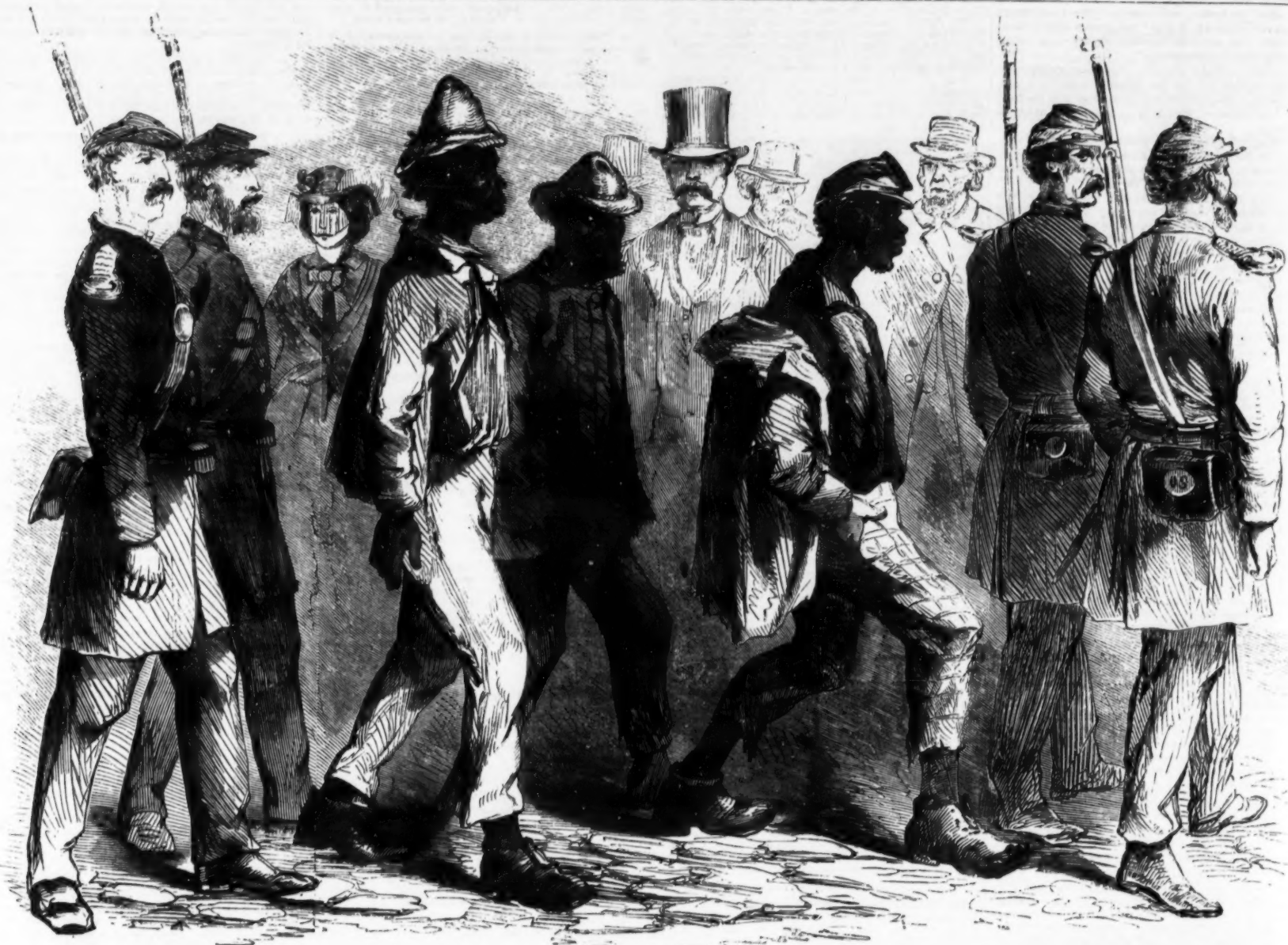
CURIOSITIES OF COLORADO.

Is an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Fitzhugh Ludlow gives a most entertaining account of the natural curiosities of Colorado, and among them are the fantastic creations of the wind, especially of a certain gigantic statue fashioned by the mobile air:

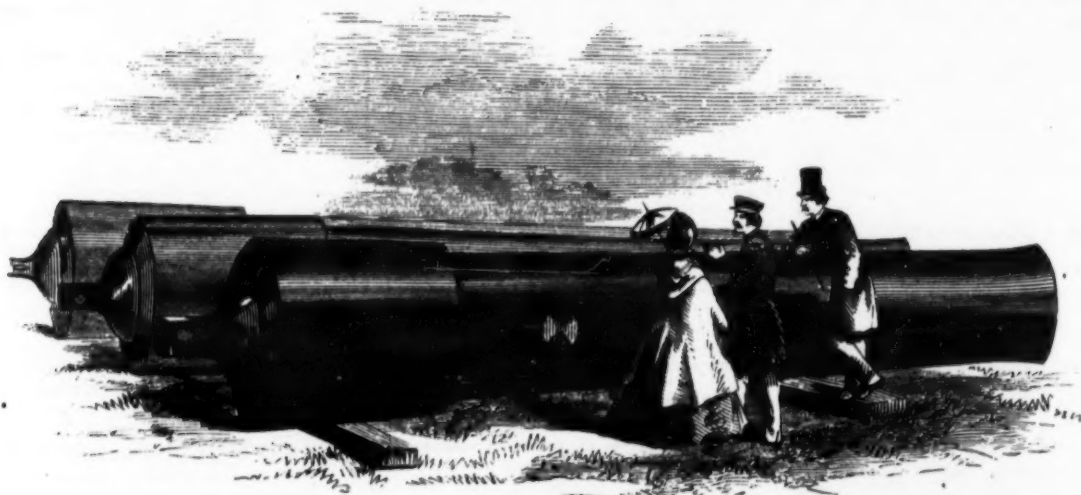
WIND CARVING.—This novel statue (if its bulk forbid not the name) was carved out of a coarse millstone-grit by the chisel of the wind, with but slight assistance from the frequent rainstorms of this region. In Colorado I first began to perceive how vast an omission geologists have been guilty of in their failure to give the wind a place in the dynamics of their science. Depending for a year at a time, as that country sometimes does, upon dews and meltings from the snow peaks for its water, it is fuller than any other country in the world of marvellous architectural simulations, vast cemeteries crowded with monuments, obelisks, castles, fortresses and natural colossi from 200 to 500 feet high, done in argillaceous sandstone, or a singular species of conglomerate, all of which owe their existence almost entirely to the agency of the wind. The arid plains from which the conglomerate crops out rarely the superincumbent air stratum to such a degree that the intensely chilled layers, resting in the closely adjoining snow peaks, pour down to re-establish equilibrium, with the wretched force of an invisible catarrh, 8,000, 10,000, or even 17,000 feet in height. These floods of cold wind find their appropriate channels in the characteristic canons which everywhere furrow the Rocky Mountain system to its very base. Most of these are exceedingly tortuous, and the descending winds during their passage through them acquire a spiral motion as irresistible as the fiercest hurricane of the Antilles, which, moreover, they preserve for miles after they have issued from the mouth of the canon. Every little cold gust that I observed in the Colorado country had this corkscrew character. The moment the spiral reaches a loose sandbed it sweeps into its vortex all the particles of grit which it can find. The result is an auger, or diameter, varying from an inch to 1,000 feet, capable of altering its direction, so as to bore curved holes, revolving with incalculable rapidity, and armed with a cutting edge of silence.

WOMAN must remember that she brought more sin and misery into the world by her eating than ever man has by her drinking.

SOME rich men keep cross dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.



THE PROVOST GUARD IN NEW ORLEANS TAKING UP VAGRANT NEGROES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHIEL.



TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON AT THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

ARREST OF VAGRANT NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE Federal occupation of New Orleans produced, as in other parts, a decided effect on the slave population. The bonds of the patriarchal institution were sensibly weakened. The slaves with the idea of freedom had not imbibed the idea of labor, and were in a state of perfect bewilderment. Many wandered around the streets, so many in fact as to become a growing evil. To set this floating population to work was soon a necessity, and the stragglers were regularly taken up by the authorities, and employed on Government works at a fair rate of remuneration, unless they preferred to enlist in the negro regiments. Our Artist graphically portrays the mode of arresting and its influence on the children of Africa, dazzled by the first gleams of the sun of freedom.

Some countenances betoken tear, others amazement, others that ludicrous expression of fun which so often bears up the negro in the trials of life.

TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON.

THE recent articles given in our columns on the Rodman guns dispense with any elaborate description of the 200 pound rifled cannon which we illustrate. These terrible engines of war were sketched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and guns like them were unfortunately supplied recently to the rebels by the defeat at Plymouth. At the last accounts the ram Albemarle, already sufficiently formidable, was taking on board a large rifled cannon of this stupor captured from us.

BALTIMORE HARBOR.

THE recent Sanitary Fair at Baltimore drew many to it, and few could fail to mark the difference

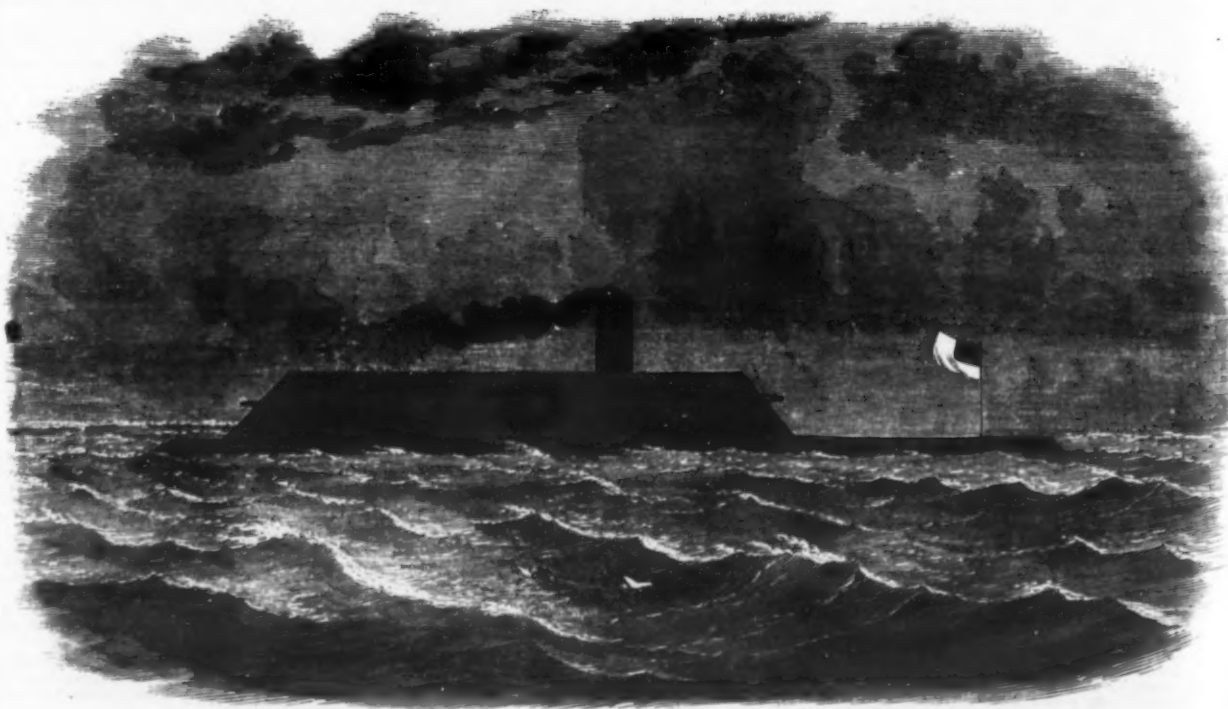
between the city in 1861 and 1864. In our last we gave a view of the interior of the Fair which has just closed, after a most successful course. We also gave a view in the city, taken from Loudenslager's hill, still showing the works thrown up by Rogers's battery in 1814, and the fence-enclosed magazine. The harbor, with Fort McHenry in the distance, could be seen as you looked over Canton. To-day we give a view of the harbor, showing Locust point, and the railroad wharf, as it was seen on an occasion of interest that drew numbers of boats to that usually more quiet and less stirring spot.

THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.

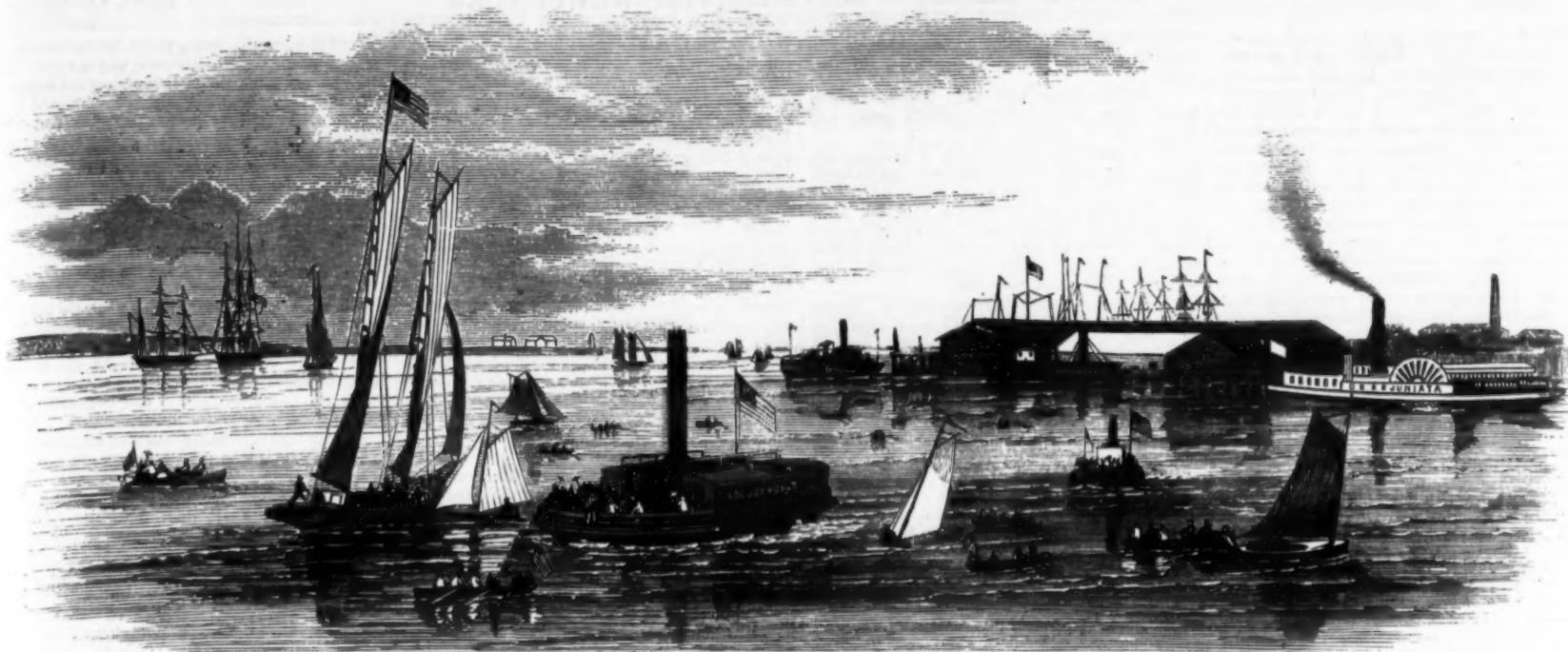
AN officer in the blockading fleet off Mobile sends us an accurate sketch of the rebel ram Tennessee, built to defend Mobile, and a most formidable affair. Our readers will remember their exultation a month ago on reading the following paragraph, which, unfortunately, proved to be merely a *poisson d'Afrique*:

"The rebel ram Tennessee was struck by a squal on the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's pass, causing her to keel over and sink. But two feet of her smoke-stack now remain visible. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consisted of six 100-pounder rifled Parrotts and nearly as many small pieces."

The hungry mouth no more readily finds of than the hungry mind finds truth.



THE STEAM RAM TENNESSEE, BUILT BY THE REBELS TO PROTECT MOBILE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.



BALTIMORE HARBOR, FROM FELL'S POINT, SHOWING LOCUST POINT AND THE LAZARETTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 12.

ON BROADWAY.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

A WAVE of streamers—a stifled hum,
Then the ringing of cheers through the
welkin high,
And the sound of bugle and fife and drum,
As proudly the troops came marching by.



Marching by with their measured tread,
All bronzed by the sun of the Southern land,
Bayonets gleaming and banners spread—
The dauntless of heart and the strong of
hand.

Oh, the old blood warmed in my veins that
day,
And the tears leaped up so thick and so
proud
I scarcely could see the street or the crowd,
As home came the regiment up Broadway.

For you see it was two long years before—
Ah me! they had seemed so many more—
When the leaves were green on the tender
thorn.

And the linnets were singing amid the corn,
When my boy Charlie went marching away
With the gallant hundred of Company A.
He was young of mien—he was slender and
fair,

With his laughing eyes and his yellow hair;
But dauntless as any, as loyal and true,
The lad of my heart in his soldier blue!
'Twas a dark and dreadful day, you know,
And what could I do but to bid him go,
And pray that God would take care of the
rest?

Though he was my all, and 'twas hard at
best.

Ah, there was never a doubt or a pause
When he pledged his fresh young life to the
cause—

'Twas a heart's free gift, but I knew, at last,
The pain was over—the waiting past,
And that was why I was glad that day,
When I heard the sound of bugle and drum,
When I saw them coming so gallantly home—
My brave boy's regiment up Broadway!

Steadily—steadily, ah, what a sight
For my old dim eyes, when the noonday
light

Fell on them close in the crowded way—
I looked for the banner of Company A.
It was there—high-waving, I saw it again,
From the battle's baptism of purple rain,

Pierced with the bullet, and rent with the
ball;
And the faces beneath it—I looked at them
all—

I looked at them all, but the sunny hair
And the eyes of my darling, they were not
there.

They were not there with their sparkle and
shine,
Nor anywhere gleaming along the line,
And reeling backward to and fro
The street and the crowd they seemed to go.
I pressed through the ranks so brown and
tall,

I asked where my gallant lad might be—
"Killed in the trenches!" they answered me.
"Killed in the trenches!"—and that was
all.

Under the light of that noonday sky,
Where the cheers of the crowd rang long
and high,
To the sound of the music, so gallant and
gay,
On went the regiment up Broadway.

I never shall look on my darling again
When the linnets are singing amid the grain.
Oh gallant head, oh ringlets of gold,
Oh blue eyes hid in the trenches' mould,
All that the wide world had for me
I have laid at the shrine of Liberty!

And for her sweet sake to-day I stand
By the loneliest hearthstone in all the land,
Listening to hear his voice through the
rain—

His voice that never will come again.
But I stand with my face to the golden west,
And I wait in patience for what is best,
And the white stars look on me as I pray
That unto my heart one boon be given—
Some happy morning to meet in heaven
My gallant soldier of Company A.

ENIGMAS.

BY MISS L. M. ALCOTT.

(Continued from No. 450.)

JUNE 8TH.—Found the house silent as a tomb,
and fancy the sound of carriage wheels which half
woke me at dawn was the only farewell I shall re-
ceive from poor madame. A long, quiet day. Noel
returned at dusk, and went straight to his room.
I seized my hat, concealed myself in the lane and
watched the leafy window. Presently it blazed
with light, and but for the appearance of Pierre
in the garden I should have been tempted to ex-
ecute my resolve at once. Hearing the rattle of
the chain that holds the gate, I sprang into the
footpath which turns into the lane from the fields.
Pierre showed small surprise at meeting me, as
these meadows are my favorite walk, and my as-
sumption of simplicity has quite blindfolded this

watchdog. Anxious to see how he would ex-
plain it, I asked, as if just discovering the window:
"What is that light among the leaves, does the
roof burn?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, it is my master's studio.
He paints as he does everything else—divinely.
For that room he took the cottage; an artist built
it, and though he does little now, he often lounges
there at night."

The answer came so readily, and seemed so na-



The Spy's Reward.

tural an explanation I could not but believe it, and
saying I should go in and read, I left him. From
my window I watched him far along the avenue,
he and the maids chatting in the grove, knew that
madame's nurse had gone with her from a word
Pierre dropped at dinner, and felt that my time
had come. It was a moonless evening, fast deep-
ening into night; a light wind was blowing that
filled the air with rustling sounds, and the house
was quite deserted for the time. I had no fear—
excitement is my element, daring my delight, and
I desired to earn my liberal reward for this dis-
honorable but alluring service.

Leaving my hat behind me, I crept to the western
wing, with every sense alert. Not by the vines did
I ascend, but by a slender Norway pine, whose
stem, being branchless for many feet above the
ground, seemed to forbid approach by that means.
Practice made me agile, and I was soon upon the
first bough which touched the roof. With catlike
steps I picked my way, crouching low and making
no sound louder than the whispers of the wind.
The window was closed, and all I heard was a
murmur of voices, but parting the leaves at one
shaded corner I lay flat and looked down.

A long, lofty room was below, full of light, soft
colors, lovely shapes, but how furnished I cannot
tell, for its occupants absorbed me instantly.
Stretched his full length on a couch lay Noel, look-
ing like a luxuriously idolent young sultan, in
crimson dressing-gown and Turkish slippers. He
was laughing, and till then I had never seen the
real beauty of his face; some cloud of reserve, dis-
trust or melancholy had veiled it from me, but at
last I saw the boy's true self, and felt that nothing
was impossible to such as he. His white throat
was bare, his black curls tumbled, his hands
clasped above his head, and as he laughed he
hummed a sprightly air, in which a softer voice
joined fitfully.

At first he alone was visible, but soon down the
long room came a woman dancing like an elf.
Great heavens! how beautiful she was! She wore
some foreign dress, brilliant and piquante, a lovely
neck and arms shone white against the gold and
scarlet of her bodice, and bare rosy feet scarcely
seemed to touch the carpet. Dark eyes glittered
through a stream of rippling gold hair, a sweet,
red mouth was smiling, and as she danced the
bloom no art can give deepened beautifully on her
cheek.



The Eavesdropper watching the Two Sisters.

With a deep obeisance and a ringing laugh she ended her pretty part of Bayadere, and dropping on a cushion beside the couch, talked vivaciously while gathering up her hair. Noel caressed the bright head which presently leaned against his pillow, soboring slowly as the thoughtful look stole back into his face. Clarice—for this was doubtless she—seemed to chide him, to try and win the gay mood back again, but vainly; for rising on his elbow he began to speak earnestly, so earnestly that his companion soon grew as intent as he. I would have given worlds to have caught a word, but not one reached me, and but for the emphatic gestures of the pair should have gathered nothing of their meaning. He evidently urged something from which she shrunk, yet in the end acceded to with tears and eloquently sorrowful eyes. Noel seemed satisfied, and with the fondest gestures dried the tears, consoled the grief, and endeavored to make light of it. A deep lounging-chair stood before an easel, on which shone the image of this sweet-voiced girl. A dainty little supper was spread beside the chair, and drawing his model—for such I now suspect Clarice to be—into the velvet nest beside him, Noel made merry over it like one content, and yet not heartily at ease.

It was a prettier picture than any he will ever paint; both so young, so blithe and beautiful, so loving and beloved, so free and rich in all that makes life pleasant. I felt like one shut out from some sweet Paradise as I lay looking from the dimness of the night upon this happy pair, while they nestled there together, drinking from the same glass, eating from the same plate, serving one another with such charming zeal, and forgetting all things but themselves.

Utterly oblivious of the outer world, Pierre's voice nearly caused me to betray myself, so suddenly did it break the hush.

"Catherine, has Monsieur Clyde come in?"

"Yes, long ago; his light is out."

The speakers were in the garden, and waiting till the door closed upon them I crept to the pine, half slid, half fell in my haste, and safely regained my room.

JUNE 9TH.—Mrs. St. Michael came, had a brief interview with Mr. Noel on the lawn, which was prudent but unsatisfactory to me, for I learned nothing from it. Saw no more of him till dinner, when he told me he should pass the evening out. At eight he drove away, and curious to know when he returned, I amused myself with a book till nearly midnight, then wearying of it, put out my light and sat nursing in the dark. The night was cloudy, close and warm, and finding all still I presently went out into the lane, wondering if Clarice, too, watched and waited for his return. The window was dark, but just as I turned from it I was alarmed by the sound of wheels close by. I recognised the light roll of the pony carriage, though it was deadened by the turf, for to my dismay it was evidently coming not up the avenue but along the lane. Fearing to be seen if I attempted to get in, I sprang behind the hedge, and holding my breath, saw the carriage pause before the door in the garden wall. A man leaped out, seemed to listen, then admitted himself both to the garden and the house, as the sound of a cautiously lifted window suggested. Quite breathless with interest I waited, and sooner than I expected the man reappeared, not alone now, for a slender female figure clung to him. I could just see the outline of their figures, the white gleam of their faces, but I knew them at once by the few words rapidly exchanged in Italian.

"How still it is; have you no fear?"

"I have done with fear, Clarice."

"And I with captivity, thank God!"

"I shall miss you sadly, dear."

"Not for long, your wife will comfort you."

A little laugh accompanied the words, and like spectres of the shadowy hour, house, carriage, man and woman vanished in the gloom.

Here is a clue at last; Noel will marry, and for this purpose clears his house of all encumbrances; poor madame and the lovely model must give place to some woman whom he unwillingly marries—if his face and manner are to be relied on. Why he does so is a mystery like himself, but I will yet fathom both.

JUNE 10TH.—It is well that I was prepared beforehand, else the announcement made to me this evening would have filled me with uncontrollable surprise. Mr. Noel wrote steadily all day, was unusually taciturn at dinner, and amused himself at the piano till twilight fell. I had been pacing up and down the hall enjoying his music, when it ceased abruptly, and coming out he joined me in my promenade. The hall was not lighted, except by the softened gleam of shaded lamps in the drawing-room. I instantly observed the anxious look I have learned to know, and by the slight embarrassment of his usually easy manner I inferred that he both wished and feared to speak. Presently fixing his eyes full upon me, he said slowly, as if weighing every word, and marking its effect:

"Mr. Clyde, as an inmate of my house, I feel that it is but right for me to tell you of an approaching event, which, however, will not materially change my mode of life nor your own—I am about to marry."

He so evidently expected me to be surprised that I instantly feigned what I should yesterday have really felt. Stopping in my walk, I exclaimed:

"Married! you are very young for that experience;" there I checked myself and began the proper congratulations. He cut them short by asking:

"How old do you believe me to be?"

"You look eighteen, your book says forty," I answered, laughing.

"I am of age, however, and though young to marry, have neither parents nor guardians to forbid it if they would."

"It will be soon I infer, as you do me the honor of announcing it to me?"

"On Saturday."

"You mentioned that this event would make no

change in my present mode of life—I am then to continue my copying as usual during your absence?"

"I shall be absent but a day. It will be a very private affair, and my—Mrs. Noel will return with me at once."

A little pause fell between us. I was contrasting his cool, quiet manner now with the loverlike expression he had worn when with Clarice, and felt more than ever convinced that for some weighty reason he was doing violence to his own heart. He seemed conscious that, having said so much, he should say more, and presently added, still in the same measured tone:

"Madame's departure leaves me lonely. My attachment is no sudden one, for I have loved Hortense from her babyhood. She, too, is an orphan, and both being solitary, we see no wisdom in delaying to secure our happiness. Mrs. St. Michael is a mutual friend, and at her house we shall be married in the quietest manner, for the few relatives we possess are far distant, and Hortense dreads strangers."

Here Pierre came in, bringing a dainty little note, which he delivered with a smile. Noel took it eagerly, wished me good-night, and hurried away to the west wing. I wish that I, too, were a lover!

JUNE 12TH.—Since our conversation in the hall I have scarcely seen Mr. Noel, and therefore have little to record. For an hour or two he has sat in his alcove, then dressed and driven away to the St. Michaels, where I suspect the bride elect has already arrived. To-day was the wedding-day, and I waited with intense impatience for the coming of the young pair. Not that I expected to be invited to join them so soon, if ever, but because I was burning with curiosity to see the woman for whom he had discarded poor Clarice, and had no scruples about gratifying myself in any way that offered.

At five I went to my dinner, found Pierre polishing the plate, but no appearance of food.

"Master will dine at seven to-day, and hopes monsieur will not be incommoded by the change," he said.

"Am I to join them as usual, then?" I asked, surprised.

"Oh, yes; the arrival of young madame will alter nothing but Monsieur Noel's spirits, I believe."

At half-past six o'clock a carriage rolled up the avenue, and from behind a group of larches on the lawn I watched the arrival. Pierre came smiling to the door as Noel led a lady up the steps. A slender, dainty little lady she seemed, but her face was hidden by the white veil which covered her blonde bonnet, and all I could discover of her figure, under a flowing white burnous, was that it was slight and graceful. She was evidently very young; for as she entered the house she clapped her hands and danced down the long hall, as if overjoyed to be at home. Noel stood an instant talking with his old servant, and I caught a glimpse of his face, and very little like the countenance of a bridegroom did it look.

As both went in I returned to my room, and half an hour afterwards was summoned to dinner.

Twilight had come on and lamps were lit. The table shone with damask, glass and silver, flowers glowed everywhere, and the lustres filled the room with a festal breadth of light. But none of these things caught my eye on entering, for standing in the deep window were Noel and his bride. His arm was about her, and leaning there as if content, he looked down at her as she held out an almost childishly lovely hand, and seemed laughing blithely at the wedding-ring upon it. Both turned as I came in, and, with the color mounting to his very forehead, Noel said:

"Mr. Clyde, allow me to present you to—my wife."

Well for me that a bow was all sufficient, and that my command of countenance was great, or I should have betrayed myself beyond repair, for Mrs. Noel was Clarice! There could be no doubt of it. The face was peculiar even in its beauty, and not easily forgotten. There was the rippling, golden hair, dark eyes, sweet red mouth and blooming cheek—even the smile was the same, brilliant and brief, the voice unchanged, vivacious, yet musically soft. The dress was simple white, yet above the flowers in the bosom shone the fair shoulders I had seen, and the round arm that lay on Noel's wore the very bracelet that had flashed upon Clarice's but a little while ago. Noel eyed me narrowly, but I believe my face was imperturbable, as I uttered my congratulations after the surprise of that first glimpse had passed.

Half shyly, half daringly, Mrs. Noel glanced at me, and as I paused she drew her husband towards the table, like an impatient child.

"Come, Bernard, Pierre is waiting, and I am so hungry. That is a sadly unromantic admission for a bride to make, but it is true. Besides, I want to play mistress, and begin to realise that I am free from all restraints but yours, *mon ami*."

We sat down, and a most charming mistress did she prove herself. So gay, so graceful, so frankly fond of her husband, so courteous to me, and now and then, as if the novelty of her position overcame her, so sweetly shy and blushing, that before the meal was over I found myself forgetting all the past and full of admiration for this most captivating little creature. Noel seemed to own the charm as well. The cloud lifted, and again I saw the beautiful blithe nature which he seems to hide and hold in check. He laughed as gaily as his young wife, drank her health more than once, and was more cordial to me than I believed it possible for him to be. Both seemed to forget who and what I was, to make me one of them, and freely to shed the light of their new happiness upon the lonely stranger.

My heart reproached me for my treachery, yet I did not repent, nor shall I till my mission ends. Strange as all has been here, I am fast learning to respect and love this gifted boy, to look leniently upon his peculiarities, and even commend this last act, whatever its causes and consequences may be.

It is evident that he loves his wife passionately, and she loves him with a confiding tenderness which will not be concealed. I felt like one in a fairyland, and when they went into the drawing-room longed to follow, yet dared not, till Mrs. Noel, looking backward, beckoned me with an imperious little gesture that was irresistible.

"There is no need of your deserting your old haunts because I have come, Mr. Clyde," she said, looking up at me with eyes that seemed to read the desire I felt. "Bernard and I have known each other for so many years, have been together so much, and loved each other from our childhood, that the putting on of this ring seems to make no change in us. We care nothing for the world's ways, and rule this little kingdom as we will. You are a gentleman, you like my—" she paused, laughed delightedly, and added, "my husband's book, and help him as he would be helped; therefore you are our friend, as such you must live with us, and let two children profit by your age and wisdom."

This friendly speech, so warmly, gracefully delivered, quite touched and won my heart, and I at once accepted both the offer and the hand outstretched to me. Hardly waiting till my thanks were spoken, little madame danced away to the piano and broke into a song. If anything were needed to convince me of her identity with Clarice this would have done it, for the marvellous voice could not be feigned. With a malicious fancy to see how Noel would bear an allusion to the falsehood he once told me, I said, carelessly:

"Although I heard but indistinctly at the time, Mrs. Noel's voice reminds me strongly of Madame Estavan's when she sang 'Casta Diva.'"

Smiling the smile that makes his face so young, he answered, with a mirthful look at the golden-haired, white-robed figure at the instrument:

"Well it may, for madame is a near relation of my little wife's, whose voice was trained by her. Hortense, come out upon the lawn, I want to show you your nest by moonlight."

She came to him with the airy motion which seems habitual to her, and, hanging on his arm, went out, along the terrace, looking a fit inmate of this enchanting and enchanted place.

JUNE 14TH.—I take the liberty of noting only such events as seem important or mysterious, and therefore when my days are solitary leave them blank. Yesterday the young couple fully proved themselves "a pair of children," for they danced and sang all through the house, haunted garden, grove and lawn, drove, walked and rested, always together and always happy. Mrs. Noel seemed like a bird let loose, her husband enjoyed her joy and gave himself a holiday, for mind as well as heart; for he never came into the study, but leaned in at the window, giving his directions while his wife stuck roses in his buttonhole. Perhaps my eyes looked wistful; I suspect they did, for suddenly she stepped in and came to me, saying, as she put a flower on my desk and then tripped away again:

"You, too, shall have one, because you are the wise and busy man. See, I give you this fully opened rose; it suits you best. Bernard must have the little white ones, because they are like me."

As I waited their coming in the dining-room, a few hours later, from the window I saw Mrs. St. Michael's servant come up the avenue and hand a packet to Noel, who was loitering there while madame dressed. The man went back. Noel read a brief note, hastily unfolded the newspaper which composed the packet, and seemed to dart at once upon some particular passage. I saw him stand motionless and intent a moment, then drop the paper, turn as if to enter, and fall, face downwards, on the grass.

Darting out, I raised his head to my knee, loosened his collar, and while wondering at the smile still lingering on his pale lips, I snatched a glance at the note, for the paper was still crushed in his hand. Only three lines:

"I go at once to London. Be prepared at all times. Another week and your long task is over, my brave child."

It was Mrs. St. Michael's hand. I had seen it on sundry notes of invitation, but whatever clue I might have found by searching the paper was lost, for Noel opened his eyes the instant I touched his clenched hand. To my utter amazement his face grew almost fierce as he staggered to his feet and thrust me off.

"Have you read it? What have I done? How came you here?"

He spoke as if hardly conscious of what he said; yet, through all the agitation of his manner and the incoherency of his speech, some strange happiness was plainly visible.

"My dear sir, I have read nothing. See, the note lies under your feet and the paper is in your hand. I saw you fall and ran to help you. Should I have left you here to startle Mrs. Noel?"

The composure of my manner reassured him, but, as if wonders would never cease, he clasped his hands before his face, and great tears fell between his slender fingers as he wept like a woman for a moment. I involuntarily put my arm about him, for he trembled, and, as if the act were comforting, he leaned against me till the paroxysm passed. Presently he was himself again, and looked up half grateful, half ashamed. His eyes fell before mine; he saw the note at his feet, and, as if self were forgotten in some returning thought, he caught it up, saying, slowly, and with still downcast eyes:

"Forgive my folly and my harshness; I am not strong, and sudden tidings overcame me. Let me explain, for I hate mystery."

So, eager to learn, I did not refuse, and he added, after reading the note aloud, much to my surprise:

"This is from my kind neighbor; she goes to London about my book. I am to be prepared to deliver it at any moment, and that is the long task that will be ended in another week."

Nothing could be simpler, and yet I did not believe the explanation. Why? Because I have

learned to know this young man's face so well that its expressions are familiar now, and not once did his eyes meet mine while speaking, nor did he once allude to the paper still crumpled in the hand behind him. I could not but accept it, however, and as Mrs. Noel was seen coming out to us, her husband started, thrust both note and newspaper into his pocket, hastily smoothed his disordered locks upon his forehead, and said, fixing on me a look that was almost stern:

"Oblige me by saying nothing of this to my wife at present. I will tell her later. Give me your arm, please, and be so kind as to attract her attention from me for a little."

I obeyed in all things, but Mrs. Noel was not deceived; her first glance at her husband caused her to turn as pale as he, but some look or gesture unperceived by me restrained her, and she endeavored to appear unconscious of anything amiss. Pierre also looked expectant, was unusually awkward in his duties, and evidently eager to get me away. The instant dinner was over all three vanished, yet not together, and with every appearance of anxiety to be unobserved.

JUNE 17TH.—But one thing has absorbed the household for the last three days, and that has been the book. Such genuine interest and haste cannot be feigned, and I must believe that Noel spoke the truth. The study is no longer deserted, for not only has he written steadily himself, but merry little madame labors also, staining her pretty fingers with ink, flushing her sweet face with energetic struggles to keep up with our swifter pen, and making the once quiet room a bright and busy place.

"It must be done before the week is out, if we give our nights as well as our days to it. Help me through this task, Clyde, and ask any recompense when it is done."

Never had Noel spoken to me with such energy, such familiarity; his eagerness seemed to put new strength into my hands, his confidence to warm my heart with an almost brotherly affection for him. We did work, silently for the most part, but how rapidly you may understand when I say that to-night the book is done. I have just left the study very weary, yet heartily sorry that my share of the work is over, for Mr. Noel tells me he may not need me but a little longer. This unexpected note of Mrs. St. Michael's seems to have precipitated matters, and my task ends before the month is out.

JUNE 15TH.—The clue is found, and the mystery solved. Last night, being weary, I slept unusually sound, but woke suddenly, sure that some one called me. The moon had set, a light shower pattered on the leaves, and a fresh wind blew in. While drowsily thinking that I must rise and close my window, there came a light tap on the glass of the one nearest me, which was already shut. I sat up and listened; cautious footsteps brushed across the turf, and as if my movements had assured some one of my presence, a voice breathed softly:

"Pierre! Clarice! Bernard!"

"Who's there?" I cried, but nothing answered, and again the stealthy footsteps caught my ear. I sprang to the window, strained eye and ear, waited and wondered for nearly an hour, but no sound reached me, and I reluctantly compelled myself to think it all a delusion, for these names had been sounding through my dreams.

This morning I stepped out upon the terrace early, as I often do, but took only a single step, for there in the black mould under my closed windows were footprints not my own. Peculiar footprints were they; one large, but shapely, the other smaller, and evidently made by a foot deformed in some way. Long I looked at them, but could find no solution of the matter, so strolled on looking for more. None appeared, and I was just turning back to ring for breakfast, when Mrs. Noel came flying down the hall, her hair loose upon her shoulders, her muslin wrapper half on, and terror in her face. Seeing me, she cried:

"Where is he? Bernard? Have you seen him? He is gone!"

"Gone! How? When? What has happened, Mrs. Noel?"

"I want Pierre," she cried, beating her hands distractedly together. "He too is gone, the maids tell me. What shall I do? Help me, Mr. Clyde! Look for them; oh, look for them!"

"Where shall I look? Tell me more; I cannot help you till I understand."

"It was so warm last night that I left Bernard and went to madame's room. I heard nothing, knew nothing till I awoke and found him gone. I looked and called, I sent for Pierre, but he too had deserted me, and now I have no hope but in you."

Her white face dropped upon my arm as the last words left her lips, and she clung to me, sobbing like a frightened child.

"Let us go to his room, he may have left some paper, some trace that will serve us. Be of good heart, dear Mrs. Noel; I will help you with all my wit, strength and soul."

"You are so kind! Come, then—stay, I must go first—the room is in sad disorder."

Hurrying before me, she ran into the west wing; I followed when she called me, and looked vainly for some trace to explain Noel's absence.

"He never walks so early, never till now has gone even to the grove without telling me. Why did I leave him? Oh, my darling, what has happened to take you from—"

There she paused abruptly, for I beckoned. The long window was open, and glancing out, I had seen upon the newly gravelled walk footprints like those I had seen before. Others were beside them now, slender and small. Mrs. Noel looked, rushed out regardless of her disarray, dropped on her knees and scrutinised the prints, then rose, and carefully compared the smaller one with her own pretty foot thrust stockingless into an embroidered slipper. It seemed to satisfy her; a long sigh of relief followed, yet she began to tremble as her eye wandered far beyond the garden walls. I said nothing of my nocturnal visitor,

and waited for her to speak. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, brushed away the larger footprints with a rapid gesture, and gathering her wrapper closer about her, she turned to me with a gentle dignity I had never seen in her till now.

"I have no longer any fear for him," she said. "These tracks show that Pierre is with him. They plan some surprise for me. Thank you, Mr. Clyde, and let me apologise for my foolish fright."

More mystified than ever, I was turning away, when Noel sprang in at the window, rosy, radiant and wonderfully altered. Wherein the change lay I could not tell, but I felt it so strongly that I stood staring dumbly, while his wife explained my somewhat embarrassing situation, and chided him for his flight.

"My dearest, I only went to the St. Michaels. The good gentleman had one of his sudden attacks near morning, and sent for me; Pierre would not let me go alone; I feared to distress you, so we slipped away, hoping to be back before you awoke."

This statement, like several others, sounded probable, yet I doubted it, and observed that while he spoke he looked steadily at his wife, who looked as steadily at him. Of course I retired after that, and nothing more was said, even when we met as usual.

All day I wrote, copying several fine poems, which I suspect have been lately written, as they are of love. Mr. Noel has seemed more unlike his former self even than he did at dawn, and his wife has been in a state of joyful restlessness which infected us all. Something wonderfully exciting had evidently happened, and something ardently desired was evidently to take place at night; for as I left the drawing-room this evening I heard Noel whisper, as if to check some impatient glance or gesture of his wife's:

"Wait a few hours more, darling. It will not be safe for him to come till twelve."

That was enough for me; out went my light, and having carefully tumbled my bed that it might appear to have been occupied, I sat down by my window, waiting till the house was quiet. At half-past eleven I crept out, and looked to see what windows were still lighted. None but the studio showed a ray. There, then, this joyful meeting was probably to take place. Up I crept, but before I could set foot upon the roof the wind brought me the sound of steps coming to the gate. Motionless I sat, hidden in the sombre verdure of the pine, as two tall figures entered, crept to the window of Noel's room, and disappeared. One was Pierre I knew, by a suppressed hum; the other was almost gigantic, seen through the pale mist that rolled up from the river. An unequal motion in the gait suggested a limp, and as they vanished I caught the faint echo of a voice very like Noel's, but far deeper and manlier than his.

Fearing that Pierre might stand guard, I remained where I was for some time, then crept to my former loophole, and looked down.

A magnificent old man was sitting in the easy-chair with Clarice upon his knee, both her arms were about his neck, and tears of joy were streaming, for she smiled as they fell, and seemed to have no words to express her happiness.

Another woman knelt beside the chair, her face uplifted, tearless, but how nobly beautiful! As I looked my heart stood still, then leaped with an excitement almost uncontrollable, for with a shock of recognition I knew that this was Noel, and that Noel was a woman. The black locks were parted on the forehead now, the dark moustache was gone, the loose paletot was replaced by some flowing dress, from whose deep purple sleeves came arms whose white grace would have convinced me had the face been hidden.

Dizzy with bewilderment and a strange satisfaction which I could not analyse, I stared down upon the three, seeing, hearing, yet scarcely comprehending for a time. This stateliest man was their father; it needed no words to tell me that, for Clarice's eyes were dark and lustrous as his; Noel's—I can call her by no other name—Noel's grave, sweet mouth was a perfect miniature of his, and the features of both have a strong though softened resemblance to those finer ones whose reposeful strength was beautifully touched by tenderness. An Italian evidently, for though his figure far exceeded the lithe slenderness which usually characterizes this race, there was the olive hue, the southern eye, the fire, the grace which colder climates seldom produce. Gray-haired, worn and old he looked; yet suffering, thought and care seemed to have aged him more than years, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and slightly deformed, as if by some accident, and one of the daughters had laid a cushion for this weak and weary foot, the sight of which confirmed my suspicion that I saw the midnight visitor whose tracks I had found beneath my window.

The first words that reached me after a pause were Noel's, and I held my breath to hear, for the flute-like tenor I had learned to love was softened with a womanly tone, and now I knew why the seeming boy had been so silent when I was by. As if continuing some subject dropped for a momentary overflow of emotion:

"Padre mio, I will tell you how it has fared with us since they drove us from your prison doors. Good old Annunziata took us home, but remembering my promise to you to fly at once to your old comrade Pierre in Paris, we went. He was all you believed he would be, father, friend, counsellor and guard. He feared to keep us there, begged us to come to England, and in some safe disguise wait here till you could join us, if your captivity did not end in death.

"As we planned what would be the easiest, safest disguise for each to assume, I bethought me that if we were searched, for when it was discovered that the proscribed book had disappeared with us we should be described as two Italian girls; if we separated each might be found, and

apart, our apprehensions for each other would be unbearable. Now, if we could lose our identity altogether, and appear in a new land exactly opposite to what we had been in the old, we should be doubly safe, and could help you without fear. I recalled our wandering life before you knew Clarice's mother, when you and I roamed over Italy and France as a peasant and his little son. I made so excellent a boy, and liked the part so well, you know, I cried when forced to give it up; but in my strait I remembered it, and resolved to be, not a little lad, but a half-grown youth, and train myself to dare all things for your sake. Clarice could not if she would, having neither courage, stature nor voice, poor, timid darling as she is! therefore she should personate aunt Clotilde, whom she used to mock, and her French accent would serve her well. Show papa how perfectly you looked it, naughty girl."

Up sprang Clarice, ran below, and in a moment Madame Estavan appeared. Great heavens, how blind I have been! No matter, that is over now, and a light I never dreamed of has dawned for me. Let me finish speedily. The three happy souls within laughed gaily as the mock invalid repeated her graceful helplessness, and deplored her sufferings with the pensive airs with which madame had won my sympathy. Soon Noel, or Monica as I should now call her—ah, the sweet Italian name!—continued her narration, leaning on the high back of her father's chair, caressing his gray head with a fond reverence that was beautiful to see.

"Pierre was unknown, circumspect, and the dear soul insisted upon coming with us. He knew the St. Michaels, and had done them a service when they were in Paris years ago; he wrote to them, for they were true as gold; they prepared all things for us, and in this quiet nook we have lived through these weary months."

"But this young man, to whom I nearly betrayed myself last night, what of him? how came he here? You would only hear my story then, now finish yours, my man-hearted girl."

How her face glowed at that, half with pride at the praise, half with shame at the part she had played so well, as if with her woman's garb she had assumed her woman's nature.

"Papa, see what we have done while waiting for you. Here, translated, fairly copied and ready for your last touches, is the dear book, written with such enthusiasm, lived for, suffered for, and now to be enjoyed in this free land when all danger has gone by, and honor, fame and love are to be reaped at last."

What passed below for a few minutes I shall never know, for my own eyes grew too dim for seeing, as the daughter who had dared and done so much laid her gift in her father's hands, and her head upon her father's knee. When next I looked the precious gift was at his feet, the beloved giver in his arms, and with the two fair faces looking up into his own, the happy man was listening to that chapter of the romance in which I played a part. Clarice spoke now.

"This dear Monica nearly killed herself with working at it all last winter, and when the spring arrived Mrs. St. Michael and myself began to pray and urge and work upon her to consent that we should either put the copying out or have some person here. At length we prevailed; she would not part with her charge even then for a time, but having grown bold through many successful trials, she consented to have a clerk at home. We were dying for society; we dared not go out much, because I could not play my part well, and made sad blunders by forgetting that I was blind and ill. She might have gone anywhere in this dull place, for none would guess her, but she would not do that for fear of mishaps. Both longed for some change, and when we advertised were wild to see who would come. This Clyde appeared; Monica liked him; he seemed well-bred, simple, unsuspecting and sincere. In time we found him accomplished, assiduous and a most agreeable inmate. Was it not so, cara sposa?"

Infinitely mischievous and merry looked Mrs. Noel, as she glanced up at her blushing sister, who half averted her face, and answered with a traitorous softness in her tone:

"Yes, too agreeable for our peace of mind, perhaps. Now let me finish, for I have ill things to tell of you and of myself. Papa, Clarice forgot her part continually; she never would be careful, and kept me in a fever of fear. The first night he came a look of her bright hair nearly betrayed her, another time she dropped her rosary, and calmly owned that we were Catholics. I took refuge behind her, for in a Frenchwoman it was nothing strange, but in me who desired to pass for an English youth it was not to be allowed. Mrs. St. Michael often tried us by her over anxiety, and sent your letters in all manner of strange ways, till I bid her do it simply, for Clarice was always in a tremor when anything arrived from them, lest a letter should appear when least expected. I too was more than once on the point of telling all, for Clyde was very faithful, very kind, and oh! papa, I longed so for a wiser, stronger friend than either my good Pierre or the St. Michaels. When the paper came which announced the release of those who suffered for Italy, and your name was among them, I could not bear it. Clyde helped me, and was so patient, so unsuspecting and so tender that it broke my heart to tell another of those falsehoods. But till I knew how free, how safe you were I would not breathe a whisper of the truth."

"Poveretta! it was too hard a task, too heavy a burden for your loving heart. You shall be rewarded, my daughter, in this world if your old father can do it, and in the next where your mother waits to receive you into Paradise." A little pause, then the proud father asked with a smile so like his daughter's I seemed to see an elder Noel, "Tell me why this mock marriage was performed?"

"It never would have been had we known how soon you would arrive. But Clarice endangered

all things; I could not send Clyde away when that part of my venture failed, for the book was not done; she would not leave me, yet pined here in confinement after madame's shadow departed. Nor could she appear as my sister, for I had said to various persons when I came that I had no family. Neither could she stay openly with me as a friend, because I would not have a breath of scandal or the faintest blemish on her maiden fame. We were in despair, when it occurred to me, that, as I assumed the role of a wayward genius—that I was forced to do, owing to the book and the secluded life I led—I might marry and play a little game of love and matrimony. It was foolish, perhaps hazardous, but I won them all to it, and brought my wife home, as happy as a bird when the cage is open and the sky cloudless."

"Lean nearer, my daughter, and answer truly. Did this shadow of love arise from any longing in your own heart for the substance? Have not these quiet summer days, passed in the society of this young man, been hazardous to something more valuable than my safety? Will you not find the same longing to lean upon, to confide in the new friend lingering under the woman's robe as warmly, as strongly, as when this gentle bosom hid itself behind a man's vest? Tell me, Monica, do you love this Clyde?"

There was no answer, but her face was hidden, and before the mute confession could be accepted she sprang up, as if pride struggled with maiden love and shame, and came towards me. Then I saw her face, and knew that the strange sentiment of affection, reverence and admiration I had felt for her when I believed her to be a singularly gifted and noble boy was unsuspected love; that the blushes, the reserve, the anxiety which I fancied arose from other causes, in truth proceeded from a like suddenly upspringing, swiftly growing passion, whose chief charm lay in its blindness. These thoughts whirled through my brain as I listened, and when I saw that familiar yet sweetly altered countenance unconsciously betraying to me what it struggled to conceal from those nearer yet not dearer I could scarcely contain myself, and some half audible exclamation broke from me. She caught it, looked up, seemed to see my face as it vanished. No sound betrayed that she had recognised me, and so brief was the glimpse that I flattered myself she could scarcely think she saw a human visage through the thickest growing leaves. Like a guilty yet most happy ghost, I swiftly, silently regained my room, and dashed into bed. Not a moment too soon, for barely had I got my breath when a light step drew near and paused at the door. My heart beat as if it would betray me, when the door opened, and the invisible being evidently paused upon the threshold listening. I bore the suspense till I could bear it no longer, and stirred noisily in my bed. Then quietly as it had opened the door closed, and the steps withdrew.

Mr. North, I am your spy no longer, and the record which I now dispatch is the last you will ever receive from me, for I break the compact and relinquish the reward your offer.

Those last words were written in the hush of dawn on that morning after the discovery, for I was eager to be done with my now insupportable task, and as Monica had said that her father was past all danger, I feared no harm would follow the delivery of that final record. I had waited impatiently for the first ray of light that I might make it, and when it was written paused for the page to dry. That pause was fatal, for worn out with a sleepless night and the excitement of the preceding hours, my eyes closed, my head fell on my arms, and lost I all consciousness in a deep slumber, which must have lasted for an hour, as when I awoke the sun shone in upon me. Intent on posting my letter unobserved as usual, I looked for it, and seeing it wished that I had never awakened.

There it lay with its infamous purpose clearly confessed in its closing lines, and on it a bank-note, a slip of paper, all three stabbed through by the tiny dagger that pinned them to their place. I knew the dagger, had seen it on Monica's study-table, and admired its dainty workmanship; I knew the sharp Italian writing on the paper, for I had seen it day after day; I knew whose eyes had read my words, whose hand had stabbed the treacherous sheet, whose contempt had spared me for a remorse sharper than any pang of death. The slip held these words:

"We are gone for ever, leaving despair for the lover, wages for the tool, a friend for the traitor."

How long I sat there I cannot tell. The sun came up, the world woke, and life went on about me, but mine seemed to have ended.

A dull hope woke at last within me, and I went wandering through the house, looking for that which I shall never find. Every room was deserted, but that of the grim maid, Catherine; and from her I got no help, but a curt request to breakfast and go, as she had orders to close the house, and return to her former mistress, Mrs. St. Michael. "Were they there?" I asked. No, they were miles away now, and she would have no questions put to her. My one refuge was Mr. North, and to him I hurried. His office was closed. I knew his house, and ran to it. Crape shrouded the knocker, and when I was admitted it was to find him dead. The day before a strange gentleman had called, had a long interview, and when he went Mr. North was found speechless in his chair. He never had revived, and died at dawn. His secret had died with him, and through all these weary years I have never gleaned a hint of it; never seen Monica; never regained my peace of mind, nor found rest from pondering miserably over these unsolved enigmas.

If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

When men are long indifferent towards us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

THINKING.

THROUGH the clouds of gold and purple
Slow the sun is sinking;
Fetlock deep within the river
Stand the cattle drinking;
On the bridge above the millstream
Rest the maiden—thinking.

Nutbrown hair that mocks the sunset
With its golden gleaming,
Hands above her pitcher folded,
With the graceful seeming
Of an antique-sculptured Nereid,
By a fountain dreaming.

As a tender thought had awayed her,
O'er the stream she's leaning,
While her red lips curve and quiver
With a sudden meaning,
And a quick nod shakes her ringlets,
All her features screening.

For there comes a sound of laughter,
And a merry cheering;
And the cattle turn their faces
To a step that's nearing—
And she waits for words low spoken
In a tone endearing.

Low behind the western tree-tops
Now the sun is sinking,
Towards the bridge the weary cattle
Turn themselves from drinking—
And they never guessed, as I did,
What the maid was thinking.

CAPTURE OF GEN. LEE'S WAGON TRAIN, AT MANSFIELD, LA.

IN the late reverses in Louisiana one of the most disgraceful points was the loss of the wagon train of Gen. Lee's cavalry, which had been sent so far forward that it became impossible for the defeated cavalry to retreat. This led not only to the disgraceful rout of the men but also the capture of the train.

"Our forces," says our Artist, "were driven in confusion down the hill, through the clearing and into the woods. The overwhelming force of the enemy, attacking from every quarter simultaneously, prevented all effective resistance. Gen. Lee lost 150 wagons, with 10 days' rations, 900 mules, many horses, etc. The officers lost all their private baggage."

The attacking of a train is done systematically. In a narrow road like this one, running through a wood, it is merely necessary to kill the front horses or mules of a few wagons at the head of the line, and the whole are taken.

CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

"WHAT is our Navy doing? Why is not Welles dismissed? Another blockade-runner has entered Mobile." Such are comments we often hear. Are we not unjust? The blockaders are known, their positions certain; the blockade-runners uncertain and everywhere, with friends ashore to guide and signal them. No sooner does a blockade-runner have a chance to pursue a blockade-runner, cruise, get supplies or reconnoitre, than the fact is made known, and in the darkness the blockade-runner creeps in with lights extinguished, fires low and silence absolute. So great is the caution that two blockade-runners have been known, when fairly in, to have descried each other's dark hull, and each supposing the other to be a blockade-runner, stole out to sea again. An officer doing blockade duty sends us the sketch of a pursuit of a blockade-runner at midnight, under these difficulties.

SECESSIONVILLE, JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SECESSIONVILLE, as its name implies, is a place which has received its name since the war began, and if our present military operations do not miscarry, may soon adopt some other appellation, and its present name never be enshrined in a gazetteer.

It is on James Island, and was one of the points strongly entrenched by the rebels to prevent our advance, and not far from the scene of one of our disastrous attacks. The sketch was made from a signal station on Long Island, and beside the picturesque frowning, beyond the marsh and water, may be seen the frowning batteries of rebellion.

In the foreground is a redoubt for infantry with a dry ditch.

WESTOVER WELL.

THE advance of Gen. Butler up the York and James rivers brings our troops back to the spot which will never be forgotten in the American armies—West Point, the White House, Fort Powhattan, City Point, Harrison's Landing, the Chickahominy. Few of these points had a greater celebrity in the past than the Westover Mansion, near Harrison's Landing, which was renowned in the chivalric days of Virginia as the scene of many interesting incidents. Its well, also famous, has been sketched, and deserves a place before all the relics of the bygone time have passed away.

BOOK NOTICES.

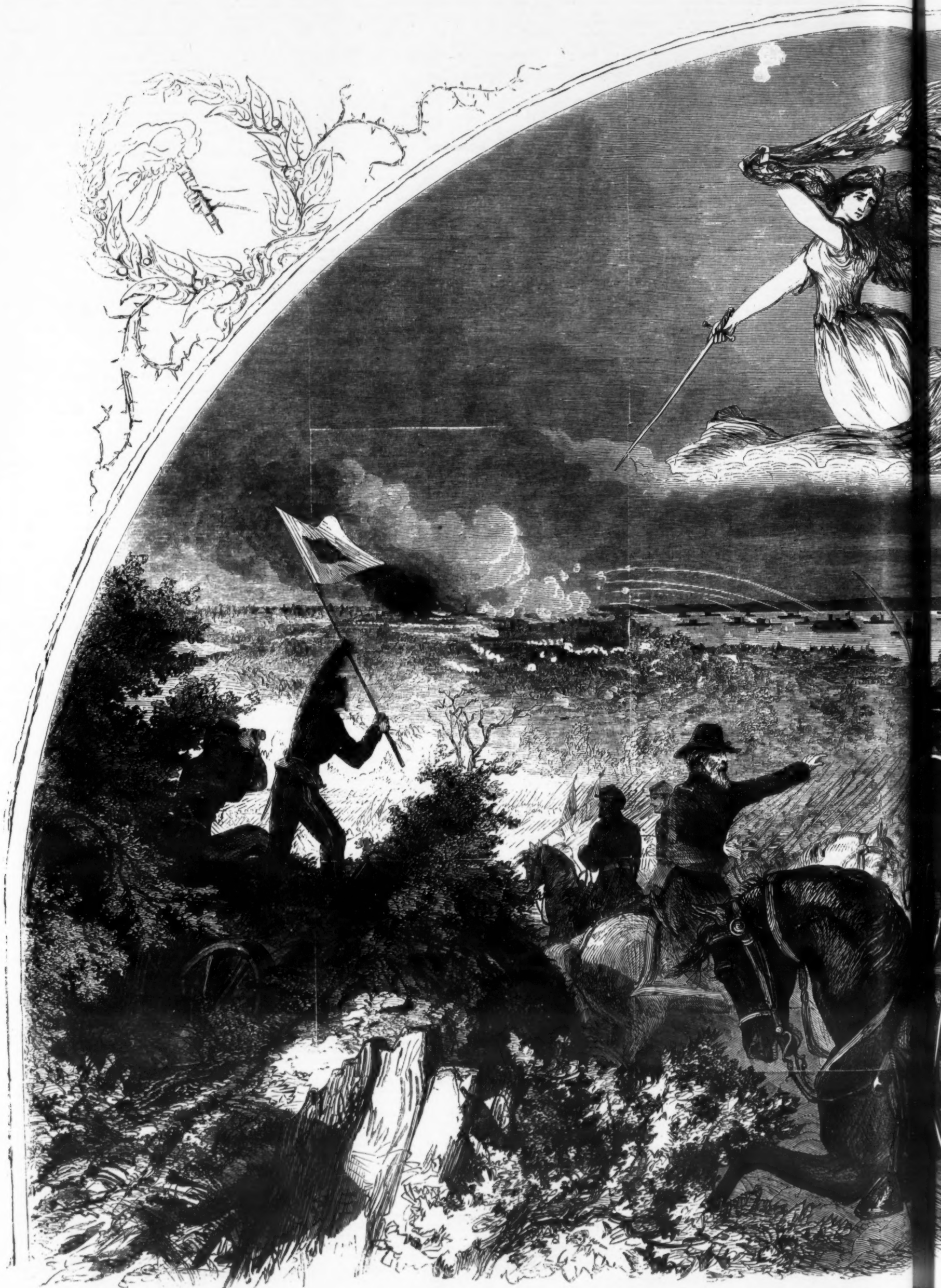
FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION for May, 1864.

This universal favorite comes this month with something which drops out and proves to be full-sized patterns for a new Ceinture Parisienne, a Low Bodice for Evening Dresses and a Little Girl's Dress, sufficient and varied enough to gratify any lady; while the plate of colored fashions and the four-paged cut, the endless chemisettes, chemises, collars, necks, sleeves, jackets, caps, paletots, are enough to perplex many a head, and create inordinate desires.

It is not easy to conceive of anything more ample in this respect, and the descriptions are, we are assured, correct and true.

The literary and artistic departments are not neglected. The Doctor's Wife is continued, and bids fair to prove the most exciting of Miss Braddon's stories. Camilla's Stratagem, A Romance of Hallow-e'en, Aline la Mart, An Authentic Narrative of a Haunted House, excellent tales, finely illustrated, with poems and charming sketches, give a rich feast.

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked, "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second; "if my life is spared, I will."



COLUMBIA LEADING



SLEEP AND DEATH.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its lifeblood cold—its heart can beat no more—
Its little eyes, erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er—

Say, is this death?
No, it is only sleep.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hardfought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"

Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and loves decay,
Lies in evening closes, and in heaven awaits
A brighter day—

Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the heart is fresh, and love's young
dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives—

Say, what is this?
Ah! this is truly death!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHILE Mellen stood on the veranda at the front of the house Mr. Rhodes came up the avenue. There was no hope of escape for him; he had not perceived the visitor until it was too late to retreat, and a voice called out:

"Oh, there you are, old fellow; I'm in luck after all. You see I walked over to my farm on the back road," he explained, "intending to take the half-past three train to New York, but I missed it. So I said to myself, 'I'll cut across the fields, down the hill, and stop at Mellen's, beg a dinner, and get him to send me over in time for the nine o'clock train'—wasn't a bad idea, eh?"

"A very good idea, on the contrary," Mellen answered, struggling to seem hospitable, while the visitor wrung his hand again and burst into perfect shouts of laughter, as if there was some wonderfully good joke in the affair. "And how is your good lady?" he asked. "And the pretty little sister—quite well, eh?"

"Tolerably so," Mellen answered; "complains of headache and that sort of thing."

He conducted his guest into the library, and meeting Dolph in the hall, directed him to inform his mistress of the arrival.

Mellen made an effort to be civil as possible at so short a notice; and though the man was tiresome in the extreme, perhaps it was better to endure his society than to meet his wife without the restraint of a stranger's presence.

Indeed, without some of those social restraints to which all men are more or less slaves, it is doubtful if Mellen could have appeared so perfectly calm. As it was, the fire that consumed him raged unseen. Dolph carried his message upstairs, where it was received with a groan from Elsie, and blank dismay on the part of Elizabeth.

"I can't go down," she said; "Elsie, you must take my place at the table. Say that I am quite unwell, fainting, anything."

"Indeed I'll do nothing of the sort," returned Elsie; "if you don't go down I shall stay with you. I am nervous as I can be, and if you are not at the table I shall break down completely."

The girl was full of selfishness to the very last—not willing to yield her comfort in the slightest particular, but Elizabeth only sighed as she observed it, and said, quietly:

"After all, it is just as well—change your dress, Elsie."

These two women commenced the duties of a dinner toilet with heavy hearts, scarcely heeding what they put on.

But when the dinner-hour approached the two ladies entered, Elsie looking pretty as ever in her dark blue silk, with those bright ringlets floating about her shoulders, and her volatile spirits already rising at the idea of an escape from that shadowy chamber where they had dragged through the day.

Elizabeth was calm and self-possessed as ever. To a casual observer she looked pale, but her heavy black dress might account for that, and moreover, the delicate contrast it gave to her complexion made amends for any lack of bloom.

Mellen sat watching her while she greeted Mr. Rhodes, and listened patiently to his labored compliments.

"Is she stone—ice?" he thought. "Is there no touch of nature about her that she can be so calm?"

If he could have read her mind he might have pitied her even in the midst of his anger and fearful doubts. What she suffered in putting that restraint upon herself was almost beyond the power of belief; but woman-like, having formed her resolution, not all the tortures of the rack could have shaken her.

Elsie had seated herself on a low stool at her brother's feet, and he sat absently playing with her curls, and looking moodily into the fire, though he had been so silent and sullen by times during the past week that there was not change enough in his manner to be at all perceptible.

Sometimes Elizabeth glanced over at the pair, and then some sharp pain contracted her brows, but there was no other appearance of emotion; she would control even that instantly, and bend her head once more, quietly listening to her persecutor's verbiage.

Dolph announced dinner, and the party passed into the dining-room, Mr. Rhodes honoring the

hostess with his arm. Mellen and his sister followed, and Elizabeth heard Elsie whisper to him, in a low voice:

"Grant, dear, you are not cross with me?"
In the midst of Mr. Rhodes' uproarious laugh at one of his own jokes, she caught Mellen's answer:
"Never, darling, never! You are my one comfort—my only blessing."

With her head more proudly erect, a faint crimson beginning to burn on her cheeks, Elizabeth Mellen swept on and took her seat at the table, appearing so completely engrossed in Mr. Rhodes's conversation that she did not once meet her husband's eye.

To all but one the dinner seemed interminable, but Mr. Rhodes was so busy with the delicacies Clorinda's skilful hands had prepared, and so full of himself, that he was in a perfect glow of content.

The lights danced before Elizabeth's eyes, every morsel she tried to take seemed choking, the wine was like a bitter drug on her lips, yet there she sat in patient endurance.

Occasionally Mellen glanced towards her, and her composure sent such a thrill of rage through his soul that it was with difficulty he could help from springing up and overwhelming her with the discovery he had made, on the spot.

The dinner was over at last, but long as it had seemed to Elizabeth, she would gladly have prolonged it; anything to lengthen the hours; to keep afar off the stillness of the night, when she must undertake that dreaded task.

But she would not think of that; she dared not; madness lay so near the dismal reflection that it must be swept from her mind.

They dragged through the evening; Elizabeth played cribbage with Mr. Rhodes, and Elsie gave snatches of desultory music at the piano; every time her fresh young voice rang out in joyous song Elizabeth started as if an unseen dagger had stabbed her very heart.

"You will all come and pass a day with us before long, I hope," Mr. Rhodes said, when the time came at last to order the carriage for his departure.

Elizabeth only answered with a wan smile. She could hardly stand. Mellen accompanied his visitor through the hall, and the instant they disappeared Elizabeth started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Elsie.

"To my room; I can't bear this."

"I'll go—"

"No, no, not yet; stay awhile, for heaven's sake let me rest alone one moment. She staggered through the dining-room and was gone; when Mellen entered the library again Elsie sat alone by the fire, teasing the old cat, and looking as pretty and childlike as ever.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE clock in Elizabeth's dressing-room had struck eleven, but there she sat desolately looking into the fire, just as she had sank into her chair on first entering the chamber.

She had heard her husband and Elsie ascend the stairs a full hour before, but Mr. Mellen went straight on towards his own apartments; he had not entered hers since the day the bracelet was found; she knew well that he would not intrude upon her then.

For two long hours she had been alone with her dismal thoughts, no sound broke the stillness, save the monotonous ticking of the clock or an occasional moan from the half spent wind without.

There was too much anxiety and agony in her mind for any of the nervous terrors which had haunted her during the day. Then, as she thought what the coming of the night would bring her to do, the heart in her bosom shuddered. Now it stood still and seemed hardening into iron.

If some spirit had appeared with an articulate warning she could not have been more convinced that exposure and ruin were approaching her with rapid strides. She would do her best, but that she knew in her innermost soul would lead to destruction. She looked back on the past weeks, and tried to remember if her plans had failed through her own weakness. Before Mellen's return it had seemed possible to carry them out, to bury the past utterly and build a new palace of hope on its grave, but they had all failed. It was not her fault, she had borne up as bravely as any woman could have done under the circumstances, had been as circumspect and guarded as it was possible to be, but from the moment of his inopportune arrival some untoward event had occurred to thwart every project she had endeavored to carry out.

"It is fate," she muttered, in a cold whisper; "it is fate! Oh, my God, help me, help me, for I have yet a right to pray!"

But even the consolation of prayer was denied her; the words seemed to freeze upon her lips; she could only moan in that broken whisper:

"My God, help me, help me!"

As she sat there, the door opened and Elsie softly entered the apartment. She had taken off her evening-dress, and put on a loose white wrapper; over that she had thrown a crimson shawl, which made the pallor that had come over her face still more apparent.

There was no light in the chamber except that given by the fire.

Elizabeth had extinguished the lamps; the gloom and the shadows befitted her mournful thoughts.

"Bessie, Bessie?" called Elsie, unable at first to distinguish any object in the half light. "Are you there?"

"Here I am," was the hoarse answer; "come in."

"I was so afraid to be alone with Grant," continued Elsie; "I felt as if I should scream every moment."

"What did he say to you; what did my husband talk about?"

"Oh, nothing in particular; he said very little; he did not even ask where you were. I told him

you had gone to bed with a headache, but he did not seem to hear. He sat and looked in the fire, as if he were reading something in the red hot coals; after a long time he asked me if I loved him, and kissed my forehead. That was all."

Elizabeth struck her hands hard together, choked back the groan which rose to her lips, and sat gazing still into the fire, as if she too read something terrible in the scarlet caverns into which it was breaking.

"I'm so cold," shivered Elsie; "there isn't half enough coal in the grate."

Cold! The chill had crept into Elizabeth's very soul which no power could ever warm, and close to her was that weak creature crouched, moaning up her petty complaints!

Even then, up to the last, while the glittering hands of the clock were seen in the firelight, creeping swiftly over the dial, and its solemn tick measured off the awful minute on which Elizabeth had agreed with her own soul to go forth on that terrible errand, the wretched woman was compelled to pause in that dim chamber, worse than dead herself, to comfort and soothe the creature who lay like a wounded fawn on the hearth.

"What time is it, Bessie?"

She raised herself and looked at the clock.

"Half-past eleven," answered Elizabeth, solemnly. "My hour has come."

"I thought it was later," groaned Elsie. "Will it never be morning?"

"Soon enough," whispered Elizabeth; "soon enough."

"I wonder if Grant has gone to bed; I asked him if he was sleepy, and he—"

"Well?"

"Oh, he only gave a queer sort of laugh, and said 'Sensible people always are sleepy when it comes bedtime.'"

Elizabeth had said truly her hour had come, but she could not go yet; she must wait until all danger of discovery was over—stand there breathless while her husband forgot his restless thoughts in temporary peace. They were both silent for a time, then Elsie began to shiver again, like some young bird lost from its nest in a storm.

"Oh, if it would only be morning!"

"Soon enough, soon enough," repeated Elizabeth, as before.

"Do talk to me; I shall die if you don't!"

"What can I say, child? I can only wait—wait."

"Wait! What do you mean? Oh, I know—I know!"

The girl broke off with a more violent shudder and buried her face in her hands.

"What made you remind me?" she cried. "I shall go crazy now. Bessie! Bessie!"

But this time, when she clung to her, Elizabeth removed her hands, not impatiently, but with quiet firmness.

"You must control yourself," she said. "I have upon me all that I can bear now. Be still, Elsie!"

"I will, I will!" she sobbed. "Oh, wouldn't it be better to be dead?"

"Better! Yes, a thousand times; but it is not easy to die."

Elsie checked her sobs again, and caught at the hope with which she had buoyed herself up all day.

"This is the last of it," she said; "this night once safely over and there is an end."

"One way or the other," muttered Elizabeth.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing—nothing."

It was worse than useless to agitate the girl's weakness afresh with thoughts which were in her own mind. Whichever way the end came Elsie was safe. Was the creature thinking that as she shut her eyes and leaned more closely against her sister?

"Yes, it will be all safe then," she went on.

"The money is paid; we shall have the papers; there is nothing more to fear."

Elizabeth did not answer, she allowed her to think that the danger from that quarter was removed. It could do no good to fill her with added fears.

"There is the wind again!" cried Elsie. "Oh, if it would only stop!"

The sound recalled the horror which lay in the coming hours, and she was unnerved again.

"You are not frightened, are you, Bessie?" she asked.

"I suppose not; there is nothing to fear."

"But to do that in the dark—alone! Oh, I ought to go with you; I'll try—I'll try."

At that late hour some remorse woke in her mind for her unisisterly selfishness, but Elizabeth said:

"You will stay here; you could do no good."

"But I shall go mad while you are gone."

"You must get into bed again."

"How long shall you be away?"

"I can't tell. Stop—don't talk about it. I shall go through with it all; let me alone till then."

Elsie writhed to and fro in hysterical weakness.

"You must stop," Elizabeth said. "Suppose he should hear you?"

"Grant? Oh, I'll be still—I'll be still."

"What time is it?" Elsie asked again.

"Almost twelve; the clock will strike in a moment."

"How much longer shall you wait?" asked the girl in a whisper.

"I don't know; I must discover if he is asleep."

"Grantley?"

"Yes."

"What was that noise?" Elizabeth exclaimed suddenly.

"I heard nothing," Elsie answered, lifting her head and allowing it to fall again on her sister's knee.

"It sounded like a step in the hall," said Elizabeth.

"It was only your fancy," returned Elsie. "This house is as still as death."

Elizabeth rose from her chair and walked to the window.

"You are not going?" cried Elsie.

"No; I only want to look. Be still!"

Elsie cowered down on the rug and muffled herself more closely in her shawl, lying quite still, with a sort of comfort in the feeling of warmth which began to creep over her.

Elizabeth pushed back the heavy curtains and looked out into the night. A stream of dim silvery radiance shot into the room and played like rippling water over the floor.

Elsie half started to her feet with a cry.

"What is that? What is that?"

"The moon is up," said Elizabeth, simply.

Elsie laid her head down again, Elizabeth stood leaning her hands on the window-sill, looking straight before her.

The moonlight was peculiarly clear, and millions of stars shone forth with the diamond radiance seen only in a frosty night. Every object was visible. Hoar frost shone up whitely from the crisp grass of the lawn, and long black shadows were cast downward by the trees, shaken up like drapery when the wind tossed the branches up and down.

From where Elizabeth stood she could look out over the withered flowerbeds and into the thicket beyond.

Suddenly her eye caught sight of the cypress tree, rising up gloomy and dark, its branches waving slowly to and fro, looking, to her excited fancy, like spectral hands that beckoned her forth to her task.

She uttered a faint sound and strained her eyes towards it with a chill feeling of horror. Elsie was roused again by the noise, and asked, quickly:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"What made you groan, then?"

"I am looking out," returned Elizabeth, in a low voice, leaning more heavily against the window for support.

"Come away, come away!" cried Elsie, muffling her face more closely in her shawl, as if to shut out some dreadful object. "Come back to the fire, Elizabeth, do!"

"Surely, if I can go out there," she said, "I have courage enough to look at the old tree."

Elsie only groaned anew. She sat upright and rested herself against the chair her sister had left.

"How does it look, Bessie?" she asked, in a low, scared tone.

"The moonlight is so ghostly," returned Elizabeth; "it looks frightened. No wonder—no wonder!"

Elsie trembled more violently, but it seemed as if some power stronger than her own will forced her to continue those questions.

"And the cypress, Bessie, how does it look?"

"Stern and dark," cried Elizabeth. "It beckons to me; the branches look like giant arms beckoning me out. I must go—I must go!"

Her voice was little more than a whisper, but it sounded painfully sharp and distinct. Elsie buried her face in both hands, once more to shut out the images it conjured up.

"Come back!" she moaned; "Elizabeth, come back!"

"I must go. It is time."

"Wait—wait—just a moment! Don't go yet—don't leave me—I shall die here alone."

Elsie dragged herself along the floor to where Elizabeth stood and caught her dress in a convulsive grasp.

"Wait a little—just a little?"

Her very weakness seemed to give Elizabeth a sort of insane composure.

"Let go my dress," she said; "I must be gone."

"I can't stay here—I can't!"

"Be still—you must!"

She wrenched her garments from Elsie's hands, and the girl fell helplessly on the floor.

"Let me creep into bed first," she moaned; "I shall run mad if you leave me here. Oh, I'll go—I ought to go! What an unnatural creature I am! I'll go!"

"Hush! You must stay; you would only hinder me."

"But it's so wicked of me—"

"Don't talk—don't think—it is too late," whispered Elizabeth. "If you can pray, do it."

"I can't—I daren't! Help me up, Elizabeth—help me up."

But there was no response. Elizabeth was bending towards the window again, looking straight at the cypress tree, but the dread which had been in her face before was weak compared to the horror that convulsed it now.

"He is going there!" she cried, in an awful voice.

Elsie caught hold of her and raised herself so as to look out of the window.

"Who—who? What do you mean?"

"See—see!" continued Elizabeth. "Some one is creeping towards the cypress. He has a spade in his hand. Merciful God, it is too late!"

"Is it Grantley?" shrieked Elsie. "Is it Grantley?"

"There he goes! I told you I heard steps! My God! my God!"

She fell on her knees by the window, still staring out into the spectral light. Elsie gave one glance, saw her brother running swiftly towards the cypress and then sank back, unable to venture another look.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALONE in his room, Grantley Mellen had sat for hours with only stern thoughts for his companions, and they grew so black and fierce that the most terrible crisis would have been less hard to endure than that horrible suspense.

He waited silent, immovable, till the last sound in the house died away; waited still for slumber to overtake every inmate of the dwelling, that he might carry out the plan he had formed.

He was going out to the cypress tree; he would discover if his wife's agitation, when he proposed digging about it, was in any way connected with the mystery which surrounded her. He believed that it was so, though in what manner it was in-

possible to divine. Perhaps there were letters hidden there—some condemning evidence against her which she had found no opportunity since his return to make away with. Whatever it was, he would discover it, drag it out, and with this fresh proof of her treachery in his hands, rush in to overwhelm her with his knowledge of her guilt.

He, too, sat watching the clock, counting the strokes as the hours sounded, but to him the time appointed did not arrive quickly. It seemed as if the hands scarcely moved, in his mad impatience he thought the appointed instant never would approach.

It was a terrible vigil that he kept; the strongest man could not for many hours have endured that wild suspense, while tortured by such fiendish whispers as moaned in his ear.

The time came at last; the moonlight streamed pale and uncertain through the casement; no sound broke the stillness, even the wind had ceased its moaning. He could go forth now without fear of discovery.

He could go forth, but to what? His very inability to form the least idea of what discoveries he might make increased the fever of his impatience, he could not wait longer—not a moment—not a second.

He opened the door and crept cautiously through the gallery, down stairs into the lower hall, undid the fastenings of the outer door and passed on to the veranda.

The garden tools were some of them in a closet in the area; he went down the steps, opened the door, took out a spade and hurried towards the cypress tree.

There he was, standing under the moaning branches, his head bare, digging wildly and aimlessly about the roots, peering at every lump of earth with his insane gaze, ready to believe that he had at last come upon that for which he sought.

And while he dug furiously into the earth Elizabeth Mellen knelt by the window-seat watching him, and Elsie lay upon the floor, too utterly prostrated to do more than cry out to Elizabeth at intervals in her sharp, discordant voice:

"Is he there yet—is he there?"
"Still there," she answered.
"What is he doing?"
"Digging, digging! He is on the wrong side of the tree."

Elsie gave a cry of relief.
"No, no," continued Elizabeth; "he stops to throw the earth back—he is going farther round."
"Has he found the place—has he?"
"Not yet."

Elsie could not even groan; her breath came in quick gasps; her hands tore madly at the carpet, but Elizabeth leaned motionless against the window-sill, watching always with her strained gaze.
"Where is he now, Bessie?"
"He has not reached it—he is near! No! he is digging again—he has not found the place."

"If we could only stop him," cried Elsie, roused to new courage. "If I opened my window and called out."
"Too late, too late!"
"But he will find it—he will find it!"
"Then God help me, I can do no more!"

Elsie sprang up with another shriek.
"You'll tell—you'll tell! I know you will give way—and Grant will murder you—murder us all." Elizabeth caught her in her arms and forced her back on the floor.

"Lie still," she said.
"Let me go, I say—let me go! I want to die—I won't live after he finds you out. I'll kill you, Elizabeth, if you don't let me go."

But Elizabeth held her firmly in spite of her insane struggles, crying out:
"It is nothing to you—you have no cause to fear. You are mad, mad! I tell you the trouble is mine; whatever comes falls on my head; be still, Elsie."

"You promise. Swear it—swear not to bring my name in."
"I have sworn and I will keep my oath," returned Elizabeth. "Disgrace, infamy, death—I will bear them all alone. What should I gain by dragging you down with me?"

She fell away from the girl as she spoke, but Elsie did not attempt to rise; she lay still now, exhausted by her recent violence, and reassured by Elizabeth's words.

Again the woman leaned against the window-sill and looked out towards the tree. Mellen was at work still, more furiously than ever, throwing up great shovelfuls of earth and dashing them down with frantic haste.

"Is he there yet?" called Elsie.
"Yes, yes! How he works—dig—dig—dig!" She stopped suddenly, the silence raised wilder terror in Elsie's mind.

"Has he found the place?"
"Not yet. He is standing still now, he is throwing the earth back."
"What now—what now?" called Elsie, when she paused.

"He is looking about—he is puzzled. There is only that place left—he will miss it. The shadows lie blackest there."

Another instant of intent watching, then a low cry.
"He is there—he is there!"
"Stop him!" shrieked Elsie. "Shout to him!"

And Elizabeth only moaned again:
"Too late! too late!"
"Is he digging?"
"Yes; wait—wait!"

She clutched the window-sill until her nails bent and broke in the woodwork.
"First on one side, then the other," she whispered. "He doesn't touch the right spot—I know it so well—night and day I have seen it—"

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
She never heeded the mad cry, clinging closer and closer to the window-frame, staring out as if every energy of her nature was centred in that gaze.

"He has not found it! He stops again—he

throws down the spade! He is stamping on the ground. Oh! once more!"

Then another pause, and at last Elizabeth cried in the same sharp whisper:

"He is throwing the earth back—he turns away!"

"Saved! saved!" shrieked Elsie.

Elizabeth watched his every movement still. He stood for some moments in quiet, then walked about the tree; she could feel the baffled rage that shook him.

He turned away at last, disappeared round the corner of the house. Then Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Where are you going?" cried Elsie.

"Lie still—don't speak on your life!"

She ran to the door and locked it, then threw herself down by the fire.

"He might come in and find us," she whispered.

Elsie crept across the floor again, seeking protection at her side. There they waited, hushing their breaths, listening for the echo of his step on the stairs. It came at last, muffled and cautious, but terribly distinct to their strained senses. He half paused at the room where they were, passed on, the door of his chamber opened and shut.

"He has gone in," said Elizabeth.

"Saved! saved!" broke again from Elsie's lips, but there was no answering echo from the woman by her side.

For a time they sat motionless, whether moments or hours neither of them ever could have told.

At last Elizabeth rose, moved noiselessly across the chamber, while Elsie raised her head to look.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"You know," Elizabeth answered.

"You won't—you can't! Oh, wait—wait!"

"And to-morrow have the whole house to look on while the work is done," the woman answered.

"Is there no other way?"

"None. This is the last hope; I shall try it."

There was no elation in her voice at the danger she had escaped, no hope rising up now that she might go through her task in safety, no dread either of what she had to do, only stern determination, the chill of utter despair, ready to struggle but not to hope. She wrapped a shawl about her without the slightest appearance of haste, and stood still a little longer. She was more like a marble statue endowed with the power of motion than a breathing, living creature.

"Are you going?" called Elsie.

"Yes; I shall not be long—not long."

But Elsie rushed after her and caught her in her arms, and cried:

"I can't stay; I must go with you."

"Stay here, I tell you. Will you lose our last chance? Let me go—let me go!"

"I can't—I daren't! I should go mad!"

"Every moment is worth a whole life," cried Elizabeth. "Let me go!"

She forced the girl to release her hold, and with one feeble wail Elsie fell senseless to the floor.

"Better so," muttered the woman. "When she comes to herself the medicine will make her sleep."

The excitement she was laboring under gave her new strength. She raised the insensible girl, carried her through the vacant chamber, and laid her on the bed in her own room. For an instant she stood regarding her, then drew the bedclothes over her inanimate form and turned away.

"I have kept my faith," was all she said. "I will keep it to the end—the bitter, bitter end."

She went back to her own room, closing the doors as she passed, then, without further delay, passed down the private staircase which led to the little entry off the library.

Once on the stairs she paused to listen, but there was no sound, and she hurried on noiselessly as a spirit. One of the shutters was ajar, admitting a few gleams of light, by which she could see to unbar the door.

She was out in the air at last; the first step was taken in safety. She found the spade which Mellen had flung down in his angry disappointment, and she in turn flew towards the cypress tree. She was under its shadow, the branches writhed and moaned like living things, the moon shot in and out the gathering clouds, casting a flickering, uncertain light about that was more terrible than the deepest gloom.

She had no need to search, only too well she knew the place where she must dig. Night and day for weeks the dread spot had been with her, in every dream she had been digging, as she was now—digging—digging with frantic haste; and, as in her dreams, her strength seemed to fail, and some unseen power to hold her back, so now, in that frightful reality, her arms fell half paralyzed and the crusted earth resisted her efforts.

To and fro the branches swayed above her head, beating themselves about, moaning like evil voices. The wind swept up chill and warningly, but she toiled on.

Such a terrible face it was that bent over the work, such a pale, terrified face, lighted up with those agonised eyes! She worked with a strength that appeared superhuman, but it seemed to her that all her toil made no progress.

The cold nights had frozen the earth. She remembered, too, how carefully it had been packed down over the spot. For nights after the hollow sound of the spade had rung in her ears, and nothing could drown its echo.

Still she toiled on, she would not give up. A horrible fear was coming over her, a supernatural, ghostly dread, that made her flesh creep and her hair rise on her temples, but she never relinquished her efforts.

Spade after spade of earth was thrown out, but still the bottom was not reached. She had not thought it deep—so deep. If it should be empty—if there was nothing there!

That thought paralyzed her arm as if it had been struck by a hand of iron. If the place had been searched before, if the least possibility of removing that terrible evidence was gone beyond her power! The idea was too maddening. She shook off the

nightmarelike oppression which had been upon her, caught up the spade again, and resumed her task.

Suddenly the shovel struck some substance harder than the earth, and rang out with a dull, heavy sound. For one instant she started back. She was alone in the night, alone with that before her! She dared not even peer into the cavity. It was choked up with shadows, and their blackness seemed to warn her off.

The mighty strength that had carried this woman forward till now left her. The cold pierced her through and through; but she must not pause there, her horrible task was but just commenced. She took up the spade again, dropped it into the impalpable darkness of the hole, and pressed it down, leaning her whole weight upon it. A sharp pain shot through her chest, and she stood up struggling for breath. Shadows from the disturbed cypress boughs were falling all about her, breaking and forming again in a thousand fantastic movements. But one shadow, dark, solid and still, fell across a gleam of moonlight at her feet, freezing her to the heart. She looked slowly up and saw her husband.

CHAPTER XXVII.

For several seconds the husband and wife remained looking at each other in utter silence; the moaning of the cypress boughs sounded louder and more weird; through the whirl of her senses Elizabeth heard it still.

"Come forward," she heard her husband's voice say at length, in the hard, icy tones of concentrated passion. "Come forward, woman, that I may see your face."

The words seemed to come from a great distance; looking over at him, it seemed as if that shallow trench between them was a bottomless gulf which no power could bridge over. The gulf between them for ever and ever.

"Come forward, I say."

She staggered slowly into the moonlight; the warning was fulfilled; ruin, disgrace had come; yet there she stood speechless, motionless, unable even to give utterance to a moan.

For a little time Mellen stood almost as still and helpless as herself. Suddenly, with a cry that sounded scarcely human, he snatched the spade, plunged it into the grave, and pressed all his force upon it. Slowly the edge of a box appeared. Mellen placed one foot on the handle of the spade to hold it firmly, bent down and dragged the box into the moonlight. Pulling the spade up from the crumbling earth, he raised it on high, and was about to dash the box open. Elizabeth lifted her soiled hands in mute appeal.

She hoped nothing from his forbearance. The action was only an instinct of her whirling senses, such as makes a drowning man clutch at straws, but with it her limbs gave way, and she fell upon her knees by the box, still lifting her white face to his.

"Do you think to stop me even now?" he exclaimed. "I wonder I do not kill you; I wonder I don't dig this pit, which has concealed your infamy, deeper, and bury you there alive."

"If you only would kill me," she moaned; "only kill me."

"Stand up," he cried again; stand up, I say."

But she stretched out her hands over the box; some insane idea of still preserving it from his touch rushed across her mind.

"I will open it; I will look on this dishonor with my own eyes."

"Don't open it; don't open it! Let us pass away from your sight for ever."

He caught her arm and pulled her roughly away.

"You shall not touch the dead."

She struggled on to her knees and wound her arms about him in a convulsive grasp; he shook her off with a loathing gesture, as if a poisonous reptile had brushed his garments.

He raised the spade again, and while a last despairing cry died on her lips dashed it heavily down upon the cover; again and again; till the frail board split, revealing a gleam of white underneath.

Elizabeth was lying on the ground; not insensible; no such blessed relief came to her; but incapable of a movement; watching him always with those insane eyes.

His passion had exhausted itself in this sacrilegious violence, and he stood over the shattered box, struck with remorseful awe. But the wind swept over it, lifting some folds of transparent muslin from a little face that Elizabeth had seen night and day in her thoughts and her dreams since the dreadful night when that grave was dug under the cypress tree.

She saw the face; saw her husband looking down upon it; saw all the shuddering horror in his eyes. Still she could not move.

"This has been a murder!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "I swear that the guilty ones shall be brought to judgment."

"No, no," she moaned; "not murder; not that."

He caught her arm again and dragged her up.

"Tell the truth," he cried; "I will hear it!"

She could only stare at him with that affrighted gaze.

"I will bring the whole neighborhood to look," he went on; "I will drag this secret guilt out in the face of day if you do not speak! I will give you no time; no chance of escape; speak, or I will rouse the whole house, and let them see you here with this."

"Wait," she shivered; "wait!"

"Do you know what this is?" he cried. "The murder of a child! Do you know that to-morrow may find you a criminal in the hands of justice—you, my wife! You in whose care I entrusted not only my honor but the most innocent soul that ever lived. Speak then! Expect no mercy from me; not to save my own honor; not to keep my own word would I lift one finger to help you! Think of it! Picture it to yourself! The eager crowd gathering about this spot; the howlings and execrations that

will follow you forth to the prison! Think of the days and nights in your lonely cell; remember the trial; the sentence; the horrible death; you shall not escape; you shall not escape!"

"Grantley! Grantley!"

"Not content with one crime, you have added murder; tried to hide your guilt with a deeper sin!"

"This child was dead," she moaned; "it was dead."

"You will speak then, and tell the whole truth. Do it. But have no thought that even confession can save you; never hope for mercy from my weakness! You can have no enemy that can prove so relentless as I will; if there was a hope of your escape I would hunt you down!"

"It is only to die," she muttered; "only to die."

"Will you speak; will you confess? Tell me how you murdered it?"

"There was no murder."

"But you buried it; you and those who shared your guilt? Who were they? Speak that man's name; I will have it, and from your lips. But, oh, if you have let my sister share this secret; if you have blighted her innocence with a knowledge of your guilt—"

"Stop," she broke in; "stop! do not speak of her."

Even in that moment some recollections came back. She had borne on to the end; her work must not fail at the last moment.

"Elsie knows nothing," she said; "for her sake spare me."

"If you wish to escape having your shame dragged before the whole world, tell me the truth."

"For her sake, for Elsie's, have mercy! I don't expect it—but, remember, disgrace to me reflects not only on you but her! Think of that—don't blight her whole future in crushing me!"

"And I left her in your hands—she has been living in daily intercourse with you—you have stained her lips with your kisses—degraded her by your affection."

"I have not hurt her," she cried; "I tell you she never received harm from me."

There was only one thought in her mind now, to preserve Elsie from his anger—nothing could come to her now. Her present agony was too great for dread—the shame of the world—the most loathsome prison—nothing could bring such pangs as this wrenching away of hope and happiness.

She sat upright on the ground, folding her hands in her lap. Weaker women would have fainted, perhaps gone mad, but now that the first dizzy whirl had left her senses she could see and think clearly.

"And you buried this child?" he said. "Will you own it, or shall I charge the servants as your accomplices—will you carry out your guilt to the last, and let others suffer that you may escape?"

"No, no! I do not struggle. See, I do not defend myself. Let it all fall on me! But no murder, do not charge me with murder. Oh, I am not so bad as that—I could not harm any of God's creatures."

"Is not your sin worse than murder? Why, the blackest criminal has white hands compared to yours! You that I loved and trusted—you that have dragged a proud man's soul through the depths of your sin."

"I have not, I have not!" she broke in.

He pointed to the box—what could she say—how could she deny with that evidence at her feet.

"Oh, my God, have mercy!" she groaned.

"Don't take his name on your lips—don't curse yourself more deeply by a prayer!"

She crouched lower on the ground, her wild eyes were raised to heaven, but there was no help—no aid.

"That name," cried Mellen; "I will hear it from your own lips—speak."

She was silent.

"I know it—I have been on your track for days. It was not enough that you destroyed my life, trampled on my honor, but you must choose for the partner of your guilt the man who had most cruelly wronged me—the one foe I had on earth."

"No, no! I never saw that man—never!"

"Peace, woman! I tell you I intercepted yesterday a letter he sent you—I could not mistake William Ford's writing."

She did cry out then—this was a horror of which she had not dreamed.

"I never knew it," she moaned; "I never knew it."

"And you love this wretch? Through him you shall suffer!"

"I hate him, loathe him!" she cried. "Oh, in this one thing believe me—I never knew it was Ford. The name was changed to deceive me."

"I would not believe a word from your lips though you brought an angel as witness."

Then he looked down at the little coffin, and a fierce gust of insanity swept over him.

"I will send for some officer of justice."

She caught his coat and held him firmly.

"For Elsie's sake—don't overshadow her life with the shame you hurl on me. Let me go away—you shall never hear of me again—I will never cross your path! I do not ask for mercy, but for your sister's sake, for your own honored name, let me go away and die."

There was a wild struggle in his mind, but something like reflection came back at length.

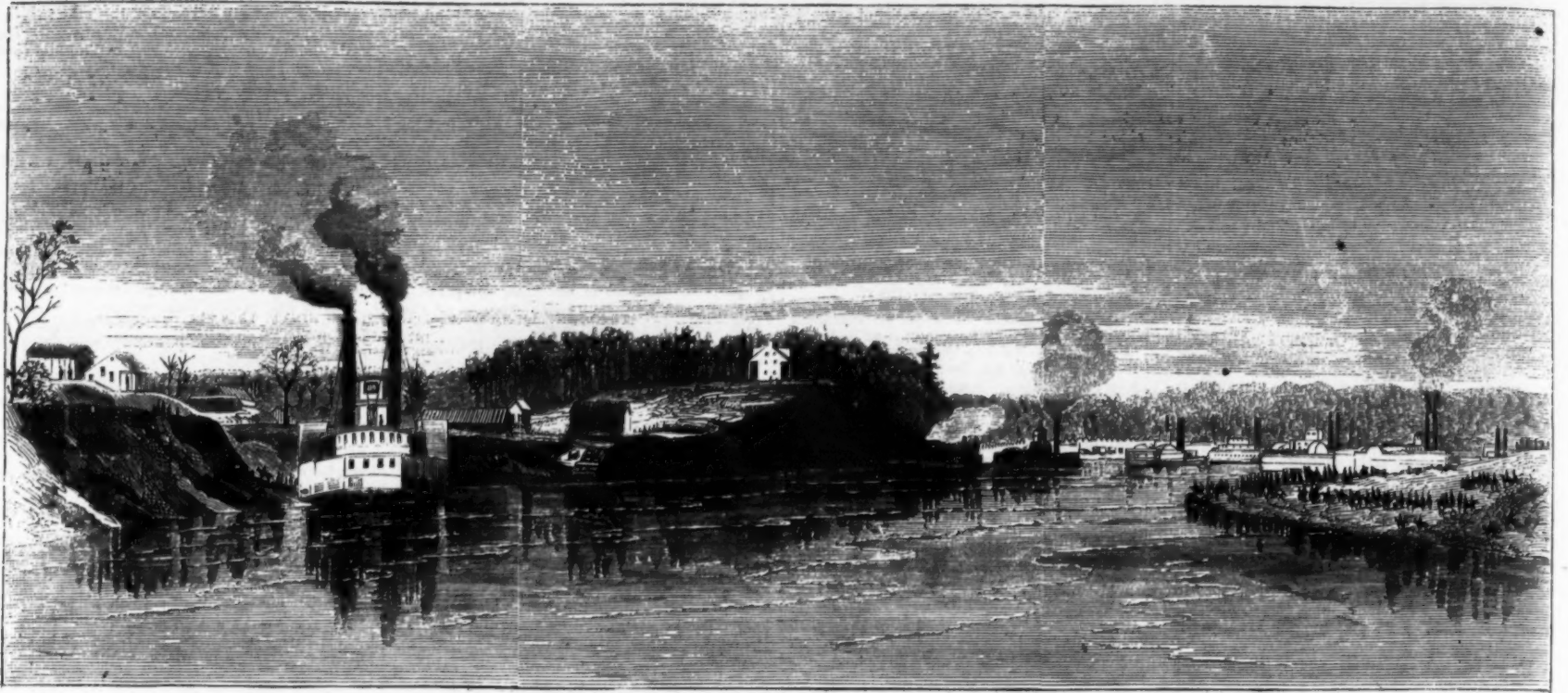
"Alec," of the Tremont Hotel, is perhaps the most "fidgety" man in the Territory. Being a thorough-bred Democrat, he is sometimes pretty hard on the upper ten—or aristocrats, as he calls them.

"And what kind of an animal may an aristocrat be?" asked a bystander.

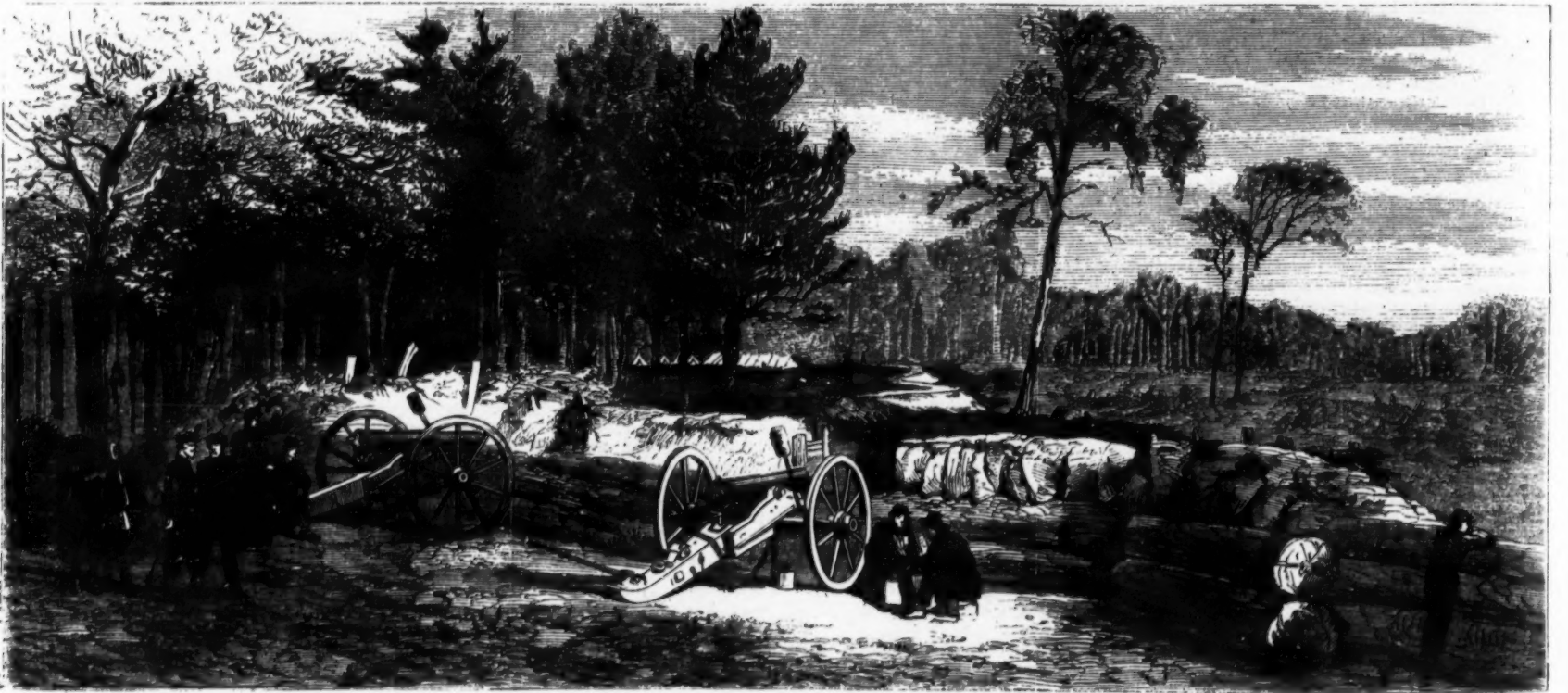
"What species of the genus Aristocrat do you mean? There are a number of them," said mine host.

"The Codfish."

"Well, sir, a codfish aristocrat is one of those customers who can pin a dried herring to his coat-tail, and imagine himself to be a whale!"



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—GRAND ECORE, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAND ECORE—THE FIRST MISSOURI BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

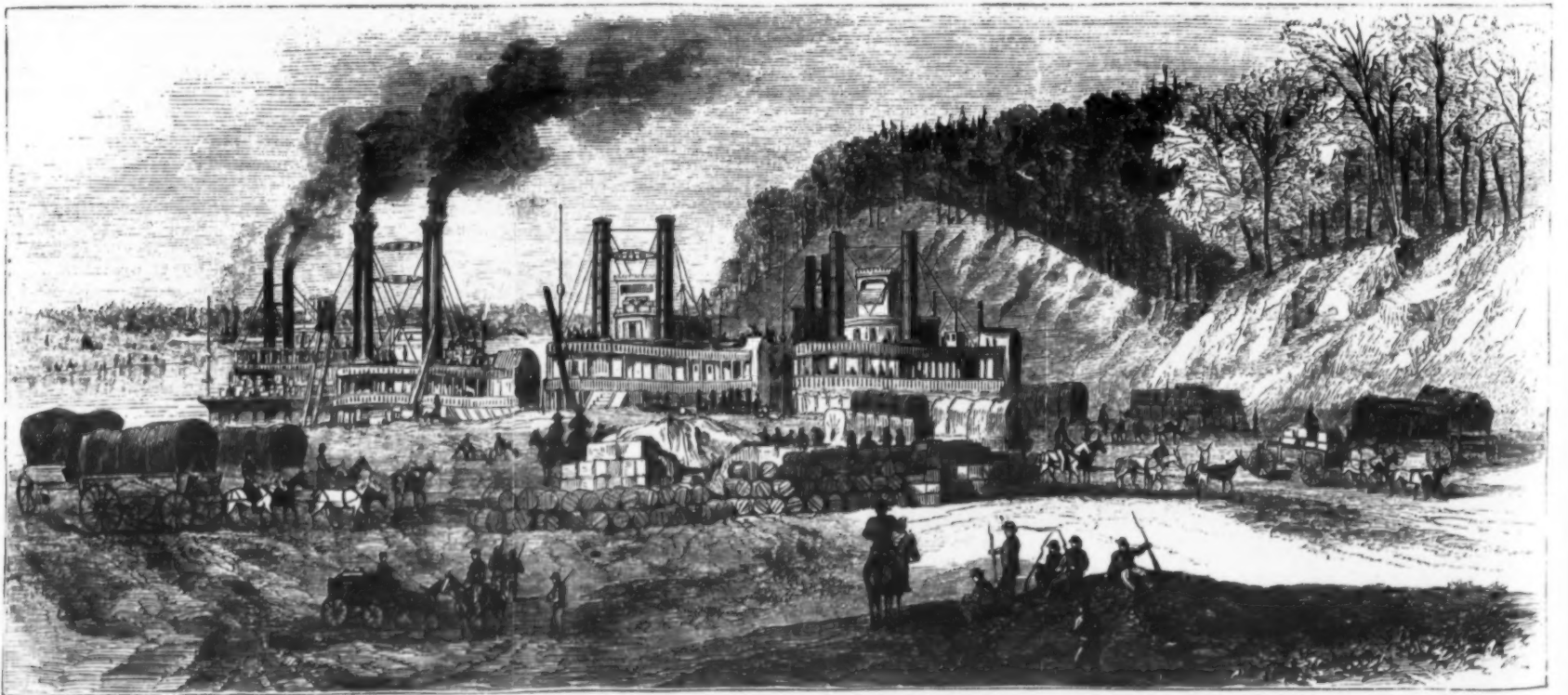
GRAND ECORE, LA.

This is the spot to which Gen. Banks fell back after the defeat of the Union forces and the battle

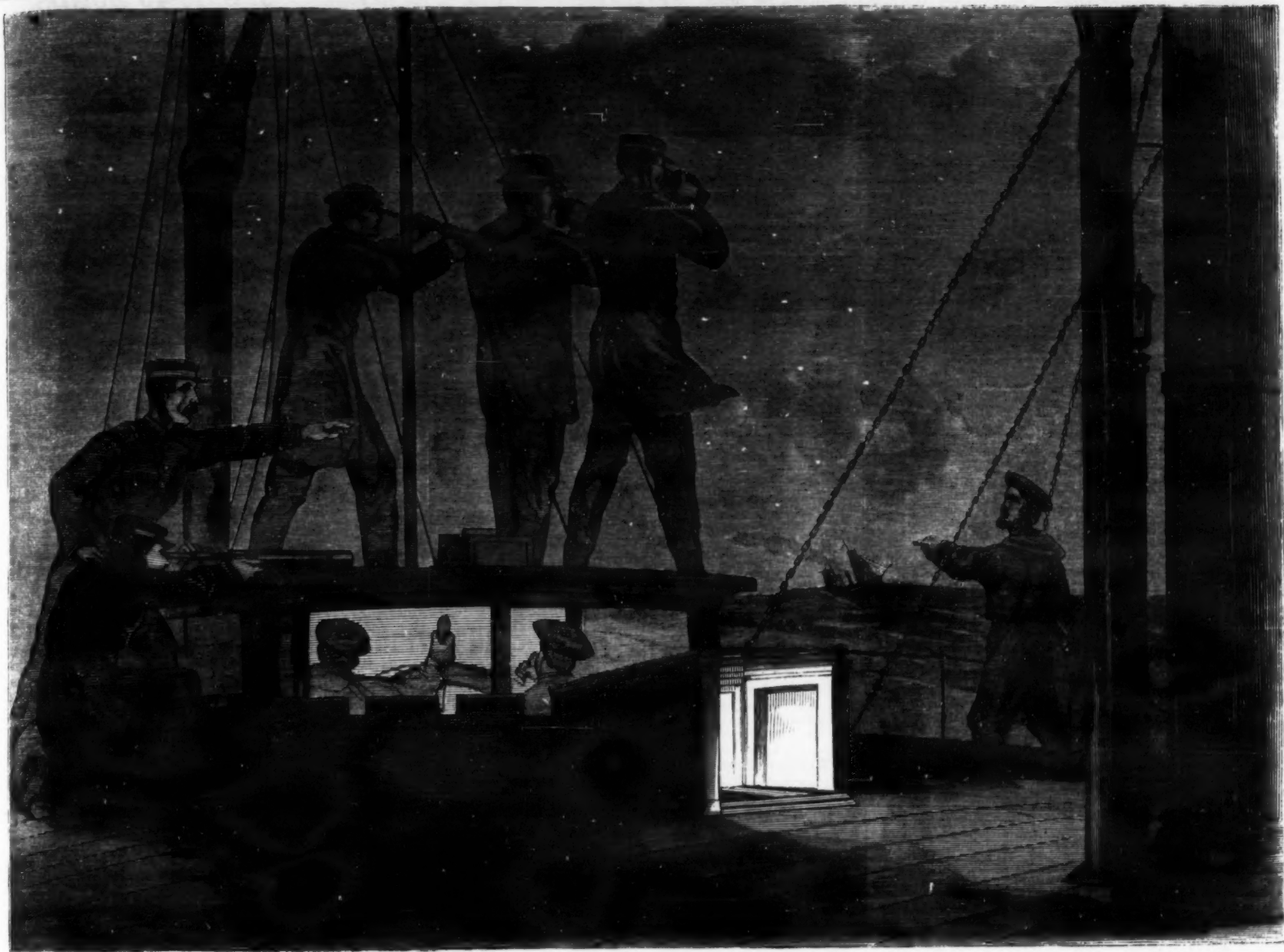
of Pleasant hill. It is just above Natchitoches, on the Red river, and derives its name from the great bluff on which it stands. During his occupancy of the point Gen. Banks threw up expensive fortifications, a part of

which the 1st Missouri battery, Lieut. Callahan commanding, protecting the road to Natchitoches, our Artist represents in his sketch. These temporary works were made of logs and sandbags.

The house on the bluff in the view of Grand Ecore itself is the residence of Col. De Russy, Chief Engineer of the Trans-Mississippi Department in the Confederate service.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—LANDING SUPPLIES AT GRAND ECORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE BLOCKADE OF MOBILE—CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUH.

MINNIE GREY.

BY J. H. WEBB.

A VERY strange little being was Minnie, Parson Grey's daughter. So beautiful, yet so habitually sad. I see her now, in imagination, with her large, lustrous black eyes, shining ringlets and delicate little form; and I see, too, that expression of settled melancholy that always appeared upon her face.

Minnie and I had been friends, companions, schoolmates, almost from infancy. Our families were close neighbors, and as Minnie had no brother to guard her from harm during the school terms, I was only too happy to supply a brother's place. And I remember, too, as I now look back through the many years that have passed, how envious my male schoolmates were at my guardianship, and how often I received a bruised head for defending myself and my little lady from the taunts, the sneers and the jibes of larger boys.

Was it strange, then, that our friendship should grow with our youth, and strengthen with our strength? And was it strange that when youth ripened into maturity the friendship of schooldays should transform itself into a warmer passion—a more than fraternal feeling?



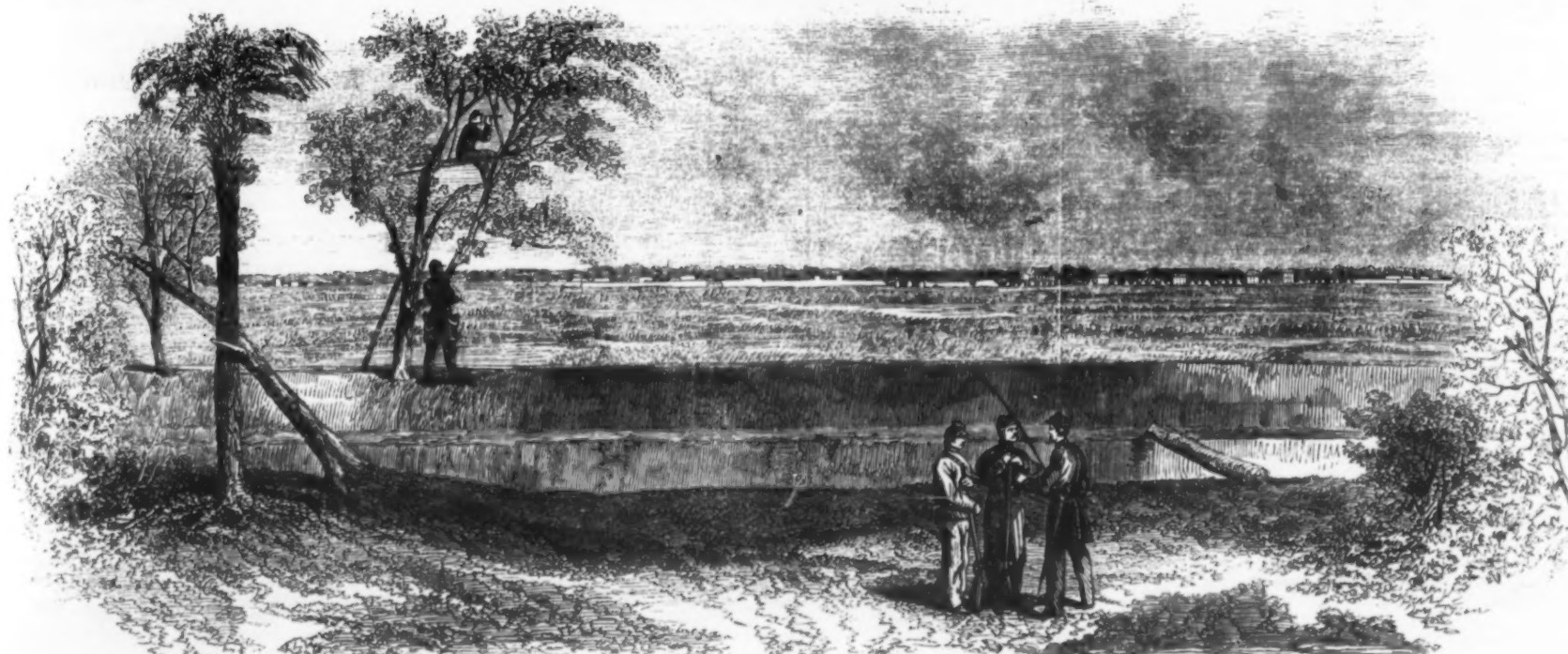
WELL OF THE WESTOVER MANSION, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, ON JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

When I left the little country town, the home of my youth, to accept a situation in the metropolis, the old story had passed between Minnie and me. She would patiently wait a few years for the realization of my dreams of worldly prosperity, and then—

But enough of that. Life in the city was anything but pleasant to me at first. My business seemed irksome and dull; everything was new and strange to me, and I heartily wished myself back in the little village with the friends of my youth—with Minnie. But I struggled hard to dispel these melancholy feelings, remembering the stake for which I was to play in the game of life—and conquered.

Those precious little missives which I weekly received from Minnie. What a comfort they were to me in my loneliness, and how they nerved me on to use every energy for advancement and ultimate success. And that tender, loving, yet half-melancholy sentiment which pervaded all her letters—how it reminded me of the little dark-eyed beauty's nature—a pen picture of her inner being.

But time passed on—one, two, three years, and with it my notions of city life underwent a gradual though material change. The strange scenes had become familiar; the bustle and confusion of city



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—SECESSIONVILLE, NEAR CHARLSTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 135.

life had lost their terrors; I had formed new acquaintances and pleasant associations, and had become, indeed, a thorough metropolitan. But another change occurred in my feelings at the same time. While being habituated to city life, and learning to enjoy its pleasures, my yearning for the little country home of my youth gradually ceased. My mind became estranged from the scenes of youthful enjoyments, and in the mental comparisons which I drew between city and rural life the latter was sure to suffer.

And the memory of Minnie Grey—that, too, suffered by the change. True, our correspondence was continued; the old love-story was retold on the occasion of my semi-yearly visits home. But to my eye Minnie had lost much of her attractiveness. She was so different from my city lady acquaintances; her ways, her manners, her dress were all so odd and so plain; and then her ignorance of fashionable life was so glaring. Indeed, my attentions to Minnie became solely mechanical. I talked gaily to her because I had always done so, and wrote affectionate letters merely from force of habit.

Another year went by, and one day I received a letter from my old home, telling me of the serious illness of Minnie, and requesting me, if possible, to visit her. I felt sorry that she should be ill, that she should suffer pain, nothing more. The image of the gay, the brilliant, the wealthy and the beautiful Flora Montague, by whom I had become infatuated, interposed between myself and duty, and the next mail told Minnie the lie that my business could not possibly permit me to be absent for a single day.

A few weeks more and another letter came, informing me that Minnie had recovered from her illness, but was blind, hopelessly, irreversibly blind. The disease, I forget the nature of it now, had settled in her eyes and rendered her sightless.

I was glad. You—brute that I was!—I was absolutely glad that poor little Minnie, she for whom I would have at one time laid down my life, was blind! Why? Because it would absolve me from the obligation to marry her, and I could now offer myself at the shrine of the adorable Flora. I wrote a long letter to Minnie, hypocritically sorrowful and full of protestations of regard, but informing her that "in consequence of the sad calamity which had befallen her, it would not, of course, be expedient or proper for us to longer think of a marriage engagement." The reply which I received to this cruel missive— But I have it here in my desk, written a quarter of a century ago:

"DEAR ARTHUR—The postman delivered your letter to me this evening as I sat upon the veranda, trying to catch a glimpse of the sunset. You are quite right in what you say respecting our engagement—our youthful dreams can never be realized. God has seen fit to send affliction upon upon me for some good purpose, I am sure. Perhaps, dear Arthur, it may be for your good; if so, I will gladly bear it. The world to you looks cheerful, enjoy it and be happy; to me it is a blank—a dark nonentity from which I shall soon be free. If you will remember me in your thoughts with brotherly affection I will be very thankful. That a long life of happiness may be yours is the sincere prayer of your true friend,
MINNIE GREY."

The letter was written in a strange hand, but that every word was dictated by Minnie there could be no question. Not one word of censure for my cruelty, no upbraiding, no repining, but that same melancholy resignation which always characterized her, together with prayers for my happiness. For a moment my infidelity and perfidy appeared to me in their true colors, but one thought of Flora dispelled them. The blind infatuation which possessed me considered no price too dear for that which would enable me to make Flora my own.

A few weeks more and I was the happiest of mortals. Flora Montague had promised to be my wife. I was congratulated by my young friends, even by those whom I had considered as rivals, and who had fruitlessly hovered around the object of my adoration. True, a few had whispered words of warning in my ear, spoke of fickleness and the like, but I paid no attention to the suspicions of discomfited suitors.

A short time after our engagement a certain Count Somebody—I have forgotten the name—appeared in the city, and soon created a sensation in the fashionable world. He was so noble, so *distingue*—and then he was a titled noble, so the ladies said. This foreigner, whoever he was, procured an introduction to Flora—my Flora—and, to tell the result in a few words, he visited her at home, he went often, Flora became cold towards me, and, finally, our engagement ceased. The sequel to all this I read one morning in the *Herald*, among the marriage notices—the Count de Somebody to Miss Flora Montague, etc.

To say that this termination to all my bright dreams was a very severe blow to me would but faintly portray the actual state of my feelings. I was completely unmanned, crushed, and was so incapacitated for business that I determined to take a vacation and visit the little village of my nativity, with the hope that in its quietude I might forget the mental torment through which I was passing.

It was a warm summer day, and as I walked from the depot to the home of my parents in the little country village, I envied the birds their happiness as they sang merrily among the trees. All nature seemed smiling, as if in mockery of the chaos which seemed to dwell in my own heart. As I drew near the humble residence of Parson Grey, I perceived the aged minister standing upon the veranda, with his face buried in a handkerchief as if weeping. He recognized me as I approached him, and exclaimed:

"Arthur, I am very glad you have come—she has been asking for you."

"Why, Mr. Grey, what is the matter? Is Minnie ill?" I exclaimed, suddenly comprehending his meaning.

"Dying!" sobbed the old man, motioning me to go within.

Hastily I entered the house. In her own room, and lying upon her own bed, was Minnie. Death had surely marked her for his victim. But she was more beautiful than ever before. Her nearness to the celestial home had given her a pure, holy and angelic beauty, which is not of this world. The fanning by an attendant caused the jetty curls to wave, and revealed the pallid brow upon which I had implanted so many tokens of affection. Her pure soul was perhaps even then entering the portals of heaven, while I, self-convicted of cruelty, witnessed the transition from life to death. Need I say that in that moment all the old love for Minnie returned, even with tenfold power. Need I tell of the agony which filled my heart at the thought of parting with my little dark-eyed schoolmate, my youthful companion, and once promised bride?

"Minnie! dear Minnie!" I exclaimed in frenzied accents, "you must not die. Live for me. Oh! my God! how cruelly I have wronged you," and the tears of repentance and grief fell upon the

little white hand which I had grasped in my own. The sightless eyes opened, the thin lips moved, and in a voice sweet even in the portals of death she said:

"Dear Arthur, I am so glad you have come. I would like to see you once more, but God has decreed otherwise. I have entered the dark valley of the shadow of death, and shall soon be in that land where the blind shall see the—"

Her voice faltered, her hand clasped mine, a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance, and she was gone.

A quarter of a century has passed, and gray hairs now cover my head, but the memory of Minnie Grey remains fresh in my mind. Twice every year I visit the little village where we lived, and out in the churchyard I go to weep over the little green mound, and to view the plain marble slab bearing the simple inscription—"Sacred to the Memory of Minnie Grey."




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Mr. Painter, Cincinnati, O.

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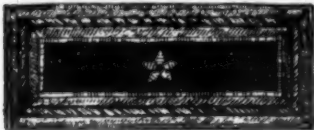
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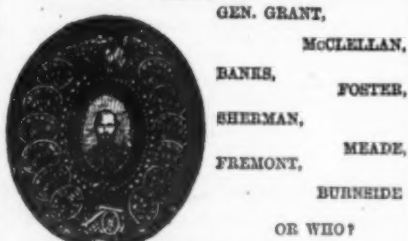
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